

Mu 783.4 Hadley
Resurgam. Acc. arr. for piano

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Resurgam

Aor Soli, Chorus and Orchestra

Cext by Couise Apres Carnett

Qusic by

Denry Dadley

Opus 98



Boston: Oliver Ditson Company

New York: Chas. H. Ditson & Co. Chicago: Lyon & Healy

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SOLO VOICES: SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR AND BASS

Time of Performance: About One Hour and a Half

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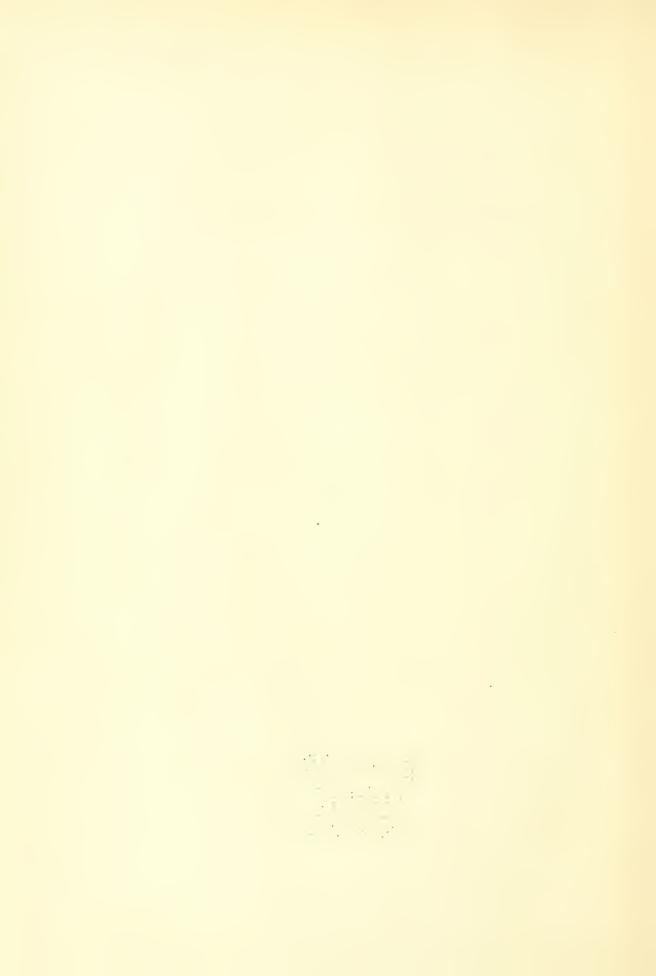
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To the Memory of My Dear Father



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PART I — BIRTH

No. 1 — Out of the dust Thou hast raised me

OUT of the dust Thou hast raised me, God of the living;

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me to the light of the morning.

Mine eyes are full of the wonders of creation,

And my spirit leaps within me.

I behold Thy glory lifted into mountains,

Thy kindness deepened into valleys.

Thy hospitable mercies poured unmeasured in the seas.

In plenteous ways thou hast devised the telling of Thy dreams,

Entreating beauty from the clay,

And quickening man from out his dusty silence.

Thou floatest flakes of color in the air, and, breathing on them,

Wingest them to life;

Thou callest forth the dazed leviathan up from the watery reaches,

And summonest vasty creatures who come lumbering past,

Astonished at their being.

Who am I, Lord of Creation, that Thou shouldst think upon me?

Beside a mountain or a soaring bird, what am I that Thou shouldst give me place?

I can praise Thee, O my God!
I can praise Thee to the summit of my

singing;
With the flesh of me, with the breath
of me, with the height of me!

Increase my stature until I pass the oak and glimpse the towers of heaven!

With the waters of gratitude I brim my cup and pour it at Thy feet;

For thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spirit sings within me!

No. 2 — Love supreme and light of light

Love supreme and light of light, All creation's very God, Who hast summoned man from sleep, Raised him living from the sod: Thou who gavest life to me, Take the gift I bring to Thee.

Valley-deepened is my heart, Greenly decked with gratitude; Mountain-lifted is my soul, Striving toward infinitude. With the dawn of waking things Mounts the song my spirit sings.

As the waters of the earth Spread the reaches of my thought, Where with white and swelling sails Ride the dreams my hope has wrought. Out of silence into birth Thou hast brought me, God, to earth. To Thy use I consecrate
This, my being's sacred cup,
And to Thee, O Lord of Birth,
Joyously I lift it up.
Make me pleasing in Thy sight,
O God of love and light of light.

INTERLUDE - SCHERZO

No. 3— Over the hills of the sky they come dancing

Over the hills of the sky they come dancing,
Children—Children!
Their feet are white as water-lilies,
Staining the night with petals of snow.
Their hair throws nets of beauty to the moon,
Catching a tangle of stars.
The bells of heaven are in their laughter,
And they ring, ring, ring,
Ring till all the skyey casements open,
Open to their chiming.

Play, children!
Play your fleetest!
Play in a passion of joy
On the hills of delight!
Join your hands as you frolic
And make a garland of gladness.
Circle around and around and around,
Till planets speed their spinning
In airy rivalry.
And find a baby-angel,
His wings still moist with blossoming,
And dance about him,
Singing as you go:

Ring-a-ring-a-rosie,
Pocketful o' posie.
We have found an angel-boy.
Caught him in a loop of joy,
Wings a-shimmering,
Smile a-glimmering,
Digging toes
In clouds of rose.
See him shake his chubby fist,
Dimpled where it has been kissed!
Ring-a-ring-a-rosie,
Pocketful o' posie,
We have found an angel-boy,
Caught him in a loop of joy.

Dance in the sun!

Dance in the sun!

Fling your hearts like balls in the air
And catch with eager hands!

Run through the heavenly orchard,
And gather the golden fruits!

See the baby-angel,
His pretty wings a-quiver;
He has seized a yellow apple,
And tossed it with his might.

Over it rolls,

Down, down, down—
The children plunge after it,
Laughing and shouting,
Shouting and laughing,
The children plunge after it,
The baby-angel, unafraid,
Trying out his wings.
Down to earth
In a flock they go tumbling,

And the earth-folk, Seeing the golden fruit, Think a star is falling.

Haste, children! Haste with runaway footsteps! Find your yellow plaything And hurry back to heaven!

PART $\Pi - fIFE$

No. 4 — Into the noon of labor I go forth

Into the noon of labor I go forth that I may reap my destiny.

Sorrow is my lot, and labor my achievement,

The beauty of God's handiwork my compensation.

Something within me rushes like a fountain and urges me to joy;

Sorrow is as beauty, and labor as reward. Thou art become a greater God, O God, because of mine endeavor.

Listen through mine ears, Thou of my singing sanctuary,

Listen through mine ears, that I hear Thy silent music;

Look through mine eyes, that I vision the unseen;

Speak through my lips that I utter words of gladness.

Walk Thou with me, work Thou through me,

That I may make Thee manifest in all my ways.

I will praise Thee, God, praise Thee with the labor of my hands
And with the service of my spirit!

No. 5 — I know my fires consume too fast

I know my fires consume too fast, I know that soon they will have passed, But oh, the joy of mounting flame, The gift of warmth to those who came. Burn, my spirit, in the blast! These bones to ash must turn at last, So light the world in beauty's name!

Grief, I have climbed thy heights;

Joy, I have seen thy face; Work, I have proved thy rights; Love, I have run thy race; Youth, I have flown thy kites; Age, I have learned thy pace. Each is a friend to me, True without end to me, Each doth extend to me Knowledge and grace.

PART III - DEATH

No. 6 Into the valley-land my feet descend

Into the valley-land my feet descend, and man may not go with me;

But Thou, O God, companion me in love that I be unafraid.

The dream of death has flowered in my soul and sounds of earth fall dimly on my ears.

Slowly the sun goes westering in the hills, and the crimson pageant of my passing hour

Flames in their deeps and moves across the sky.

Something within me reaches back to birth and fills me with exulting.

As the waters of a river, sweep the wonders of creation through my being,

And birth and death are so inseparate I know not each from each.

And yet a mighty fearing talls upon me. Shadows descend and blur the crimson hills.

A wind flung from a womb of ice Blows from the shores of nothingness. The shadows shed their shoes of stealth; They run in naked swiftness from the hills

Calling the hosts of darkness.

The winds sing a song of fury,

The winds arise and shout their passion down the world.

Drained in a pitiless draught Are the splendors of the skies.

Towers of cypress touch the heights;

Yea, in a battlement of gloom

The towers of cypress overwhelm the heavens.

My peace is perished, My dreams are fallen from me. Into the night no planet speeds its glory; The stars are drowned.

Lonely the hulk of a broken moon Lifts its bloody sail.

Why hast Thou hidden Thyself, O God?

Why hast Thou turned Thy face aside And burdened me with night? Where is my dream of death, And where its sanctuary?

The heat of hell assails me; I am consumed in bitterness and pain. Reveal Thyself, O unforgetting Spirit! Unfold Thyself that I may be enshrined

In the beauty of Thy presence.

Drive forth this mocking counterfeit of Death,

For it is Thou who art my Death, O living God,

It is Thou who art my Death, and only Thou!

My fearing passes from me:

As a heavy mantle falling from tired shoulders,

My fearing slips away.

Thou hast heard my cry, O Great Bestower!

Thou hast heard my cry, Thou hast lifted me up,

Thou hast delivered me.

Candles are set at my feet that I be not lost forever.

The blight of darkness is resolved into tranquil eventide.

Now does the hush of night lie purple on the hills.

The moon walks softly in a trance of sleep:

Her whiteness cools the passion of the skies.

I hang my quiet lute upon her curve

And let the night winds chant my requiem.

Waters of peace arise and drift me down the spaciousness of silence and of song;

God lights His solemn watch-fires overhead to keep the vigil of man's mystery.

In the triumph of surrender I take Thy gift of sleep.

Lean low, Thou Shepherd of my dreams; lean low to meet me as I lift on high

The chalice of my dying.

No. 7 — When sleeping shall my eyelids close

When sleeping shall my eyelids close And I must lay me down at last, Perils of doubt through which I passed Shall drift away as twilight goes. Visions of tasks I should have done, Passion of grief for deeds of wrong, All shall merge in the evening song That marks the setting of my sun.

Song of my passing, song of dust, Thrown to the winds that swept it hence! Mortal longing for Why and Whence Into the urn of silence thrust! Who shall fathom, in asking why, The pomp and purpose of man's renown?

He only knows, when he lays him down, It was good to live, it is good to die.

Sweet is the music in my ears
That croons the song of life and death.
A prayer of praise with my last breath
I send to Him who spent my years.
Back of the hills where night is deep,
Splendidly sinks my setting sun.
Receive me, God; my day is done:
I only know that I must sleep.

PART IV - RE-BIRTH

No. 8 — I slept, and now I wake again

I slept, and now I wake again.

O waking past my dreaming!

O Love Imperious that has called me forth from out my valley's shadow! I feel my spirit stir and half awake,

Then look in bright bewilderment at dawn.

A mighty whirlwind, breath of the living God,

Sweeps from beyond the barricades of night and stooping low

Lifts me from out my dust and sets me free.

I feel the Power that moors me to Itself; That keeps the rhythmic pattern of the stars; That spins, like a fiery plaything in the air,

The Earth that was my home.

In the beginning I looked upon creation,

And my heart grew great within me. Now that I look upon a life renewed, And know that man is born again,

My heart is as a forest treed with wonder,

The cymbals of my joyance make a stirring sound,

My singing shakes the day.

Yea, as the new-born plants sang in ecstasy,

So sing the voices of my thankfulness.

No. 9 — I praise Thee!

I praise Thee!

I glorify Thee!

My spirit on its summit shouts Thy name!

Thou art the Singer, man Thy song, And yet, because Thou art the source of all my being's music,

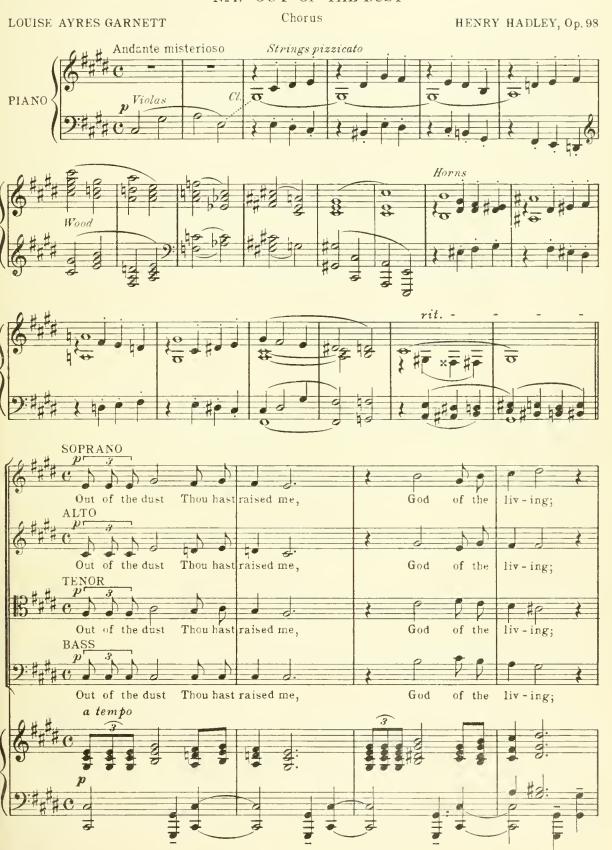
I dare to lift my voice and sing of Thee.

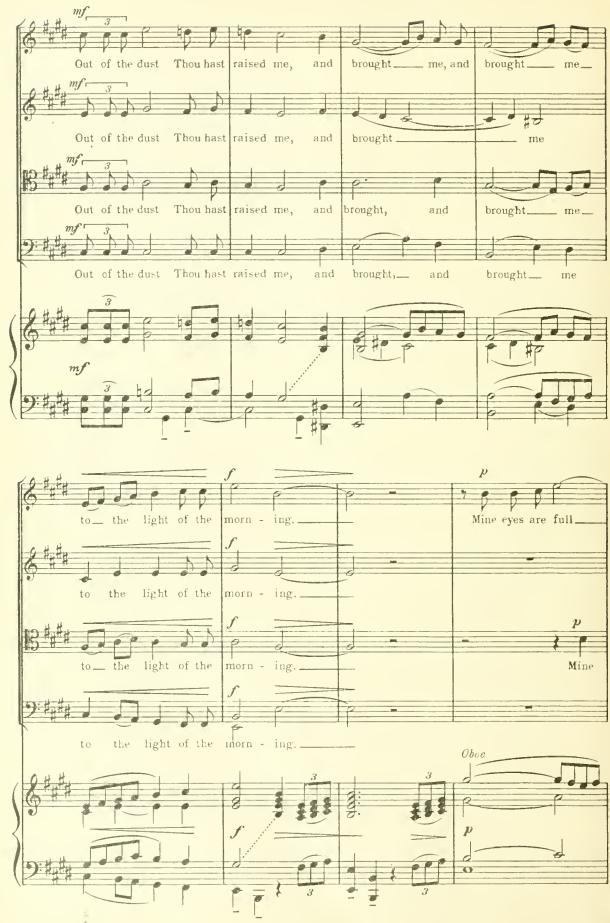
O Singer, Who hast sent me forth, I am returned to Thee!
Home to the voice that sang me,
Home to the breath of birth,
Home to the bells that rang me
From heavenly heights to earth,
Home to the hand that wrought me,
Home to the primal sod,
Home to the mind that thought me,
Home to the breast of God

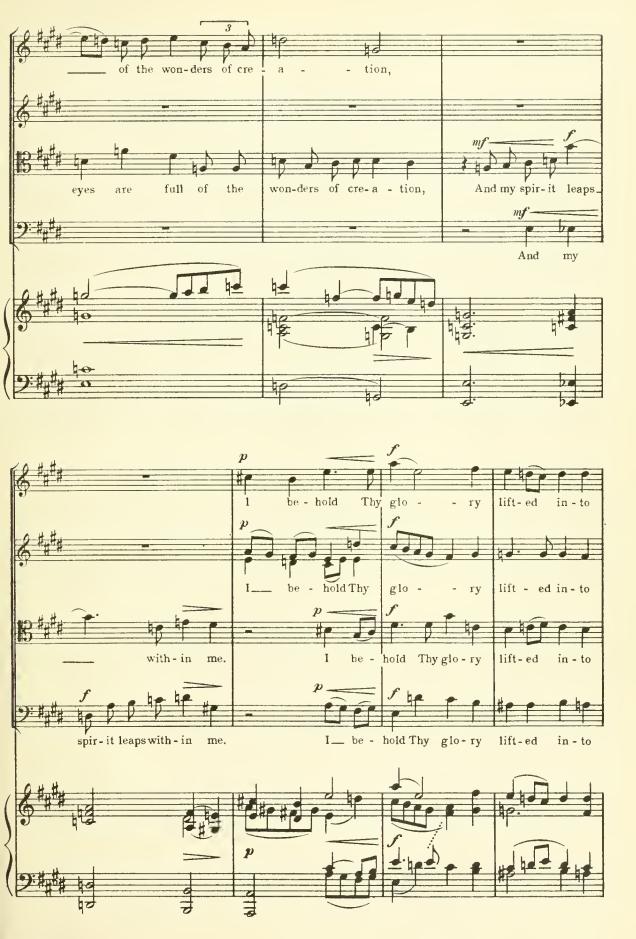
RESURGAM

Part I-Birth

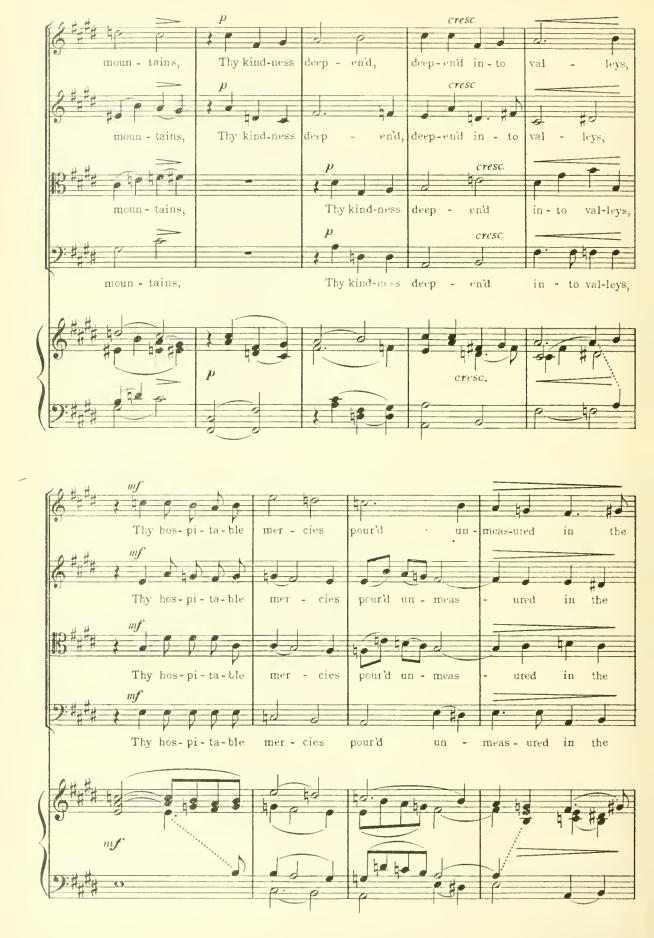
Nº1. OUT OF THE DUST

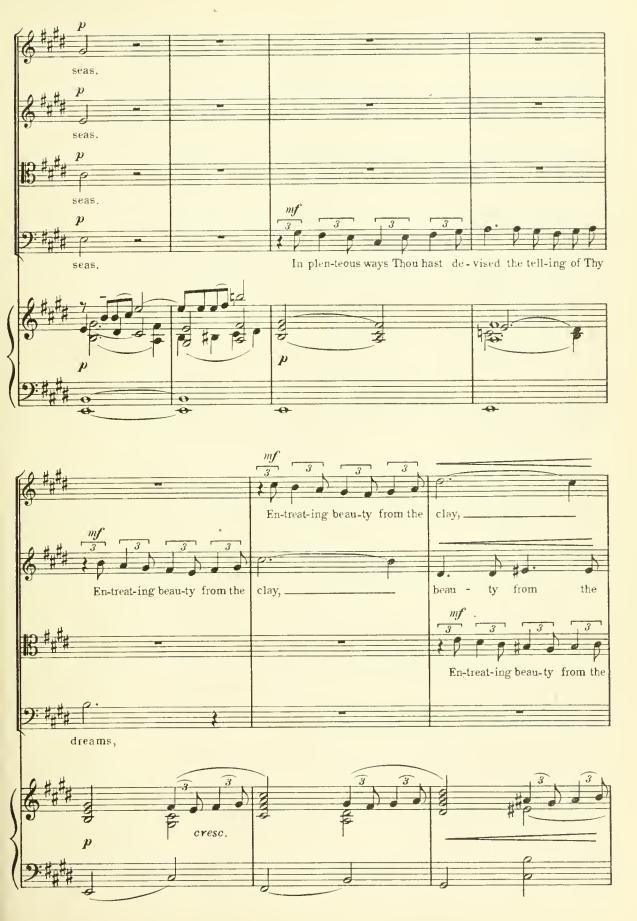




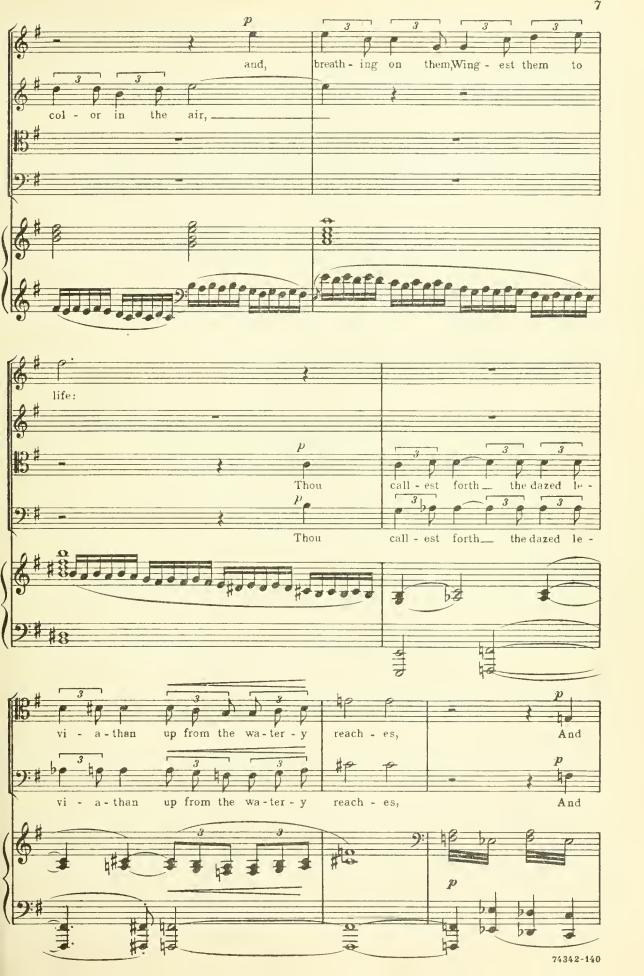


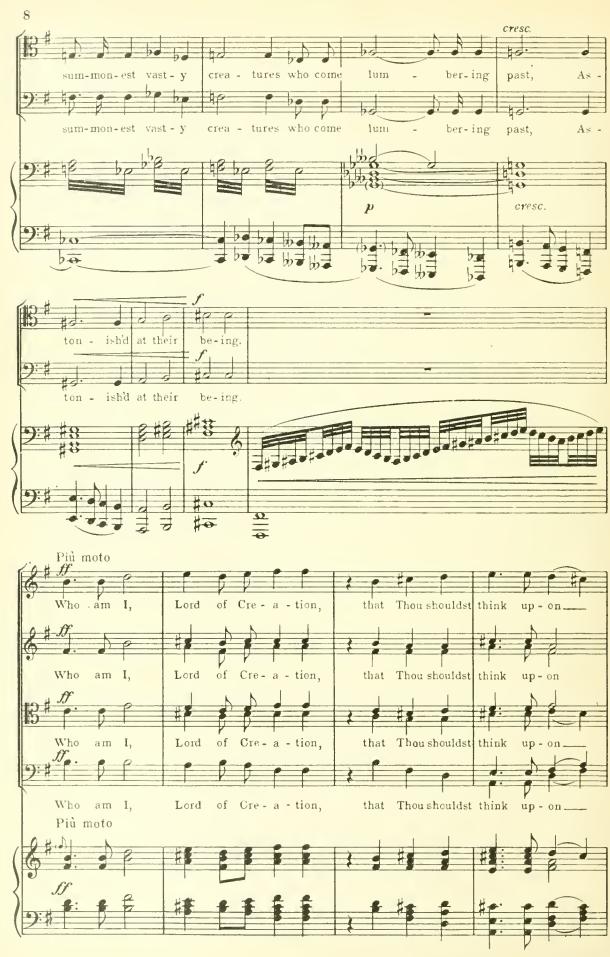


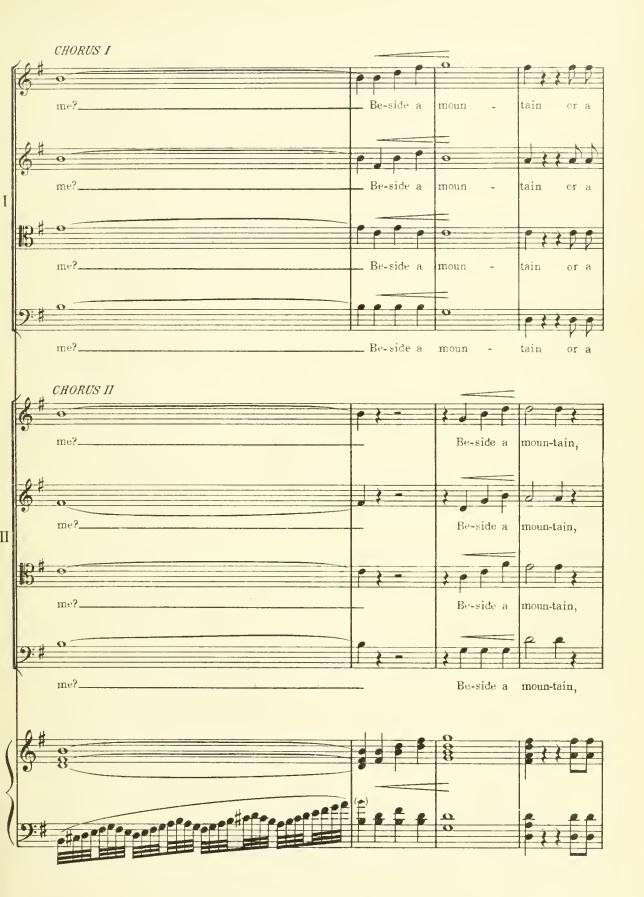


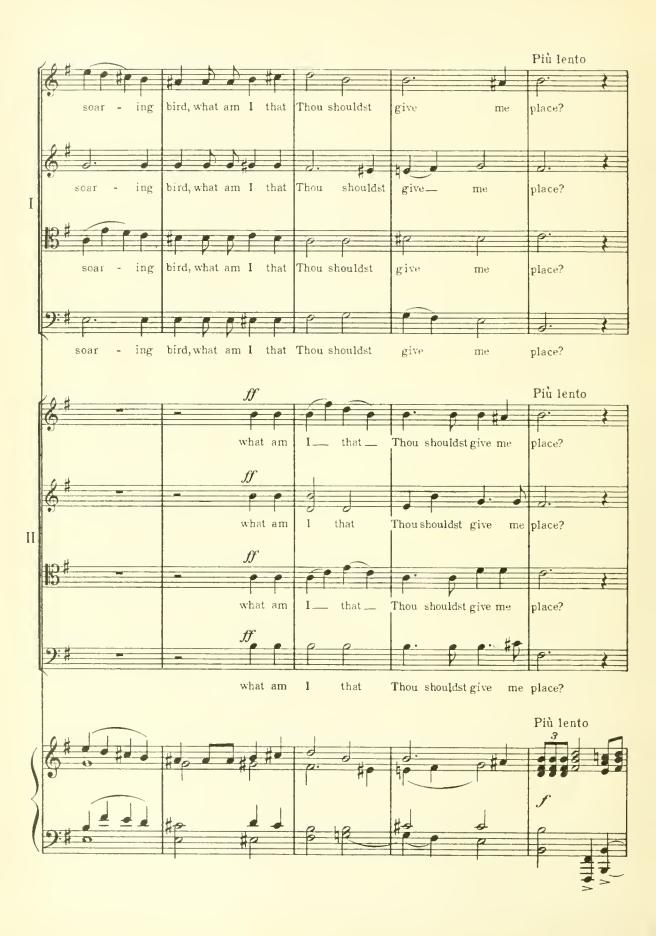


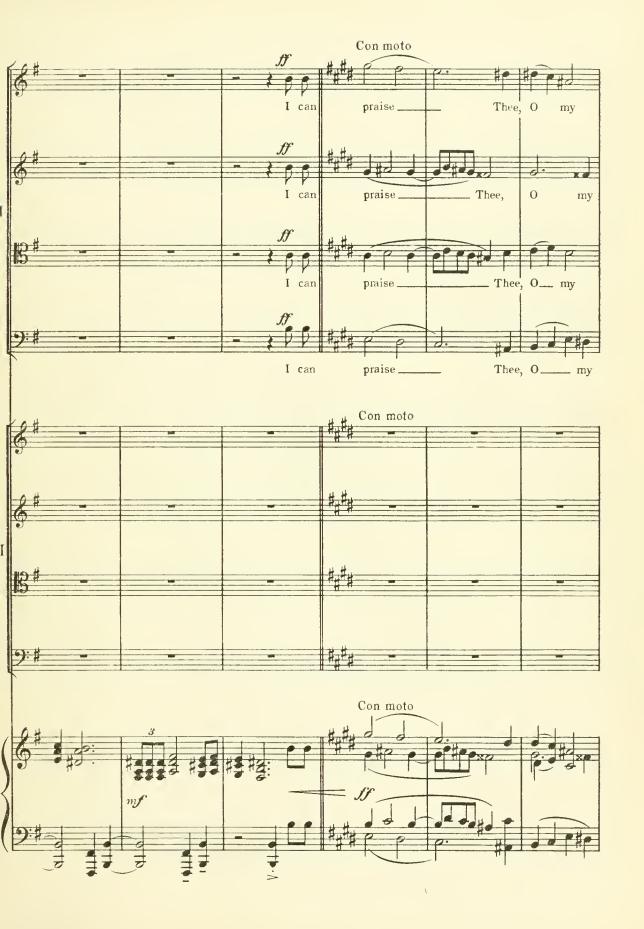




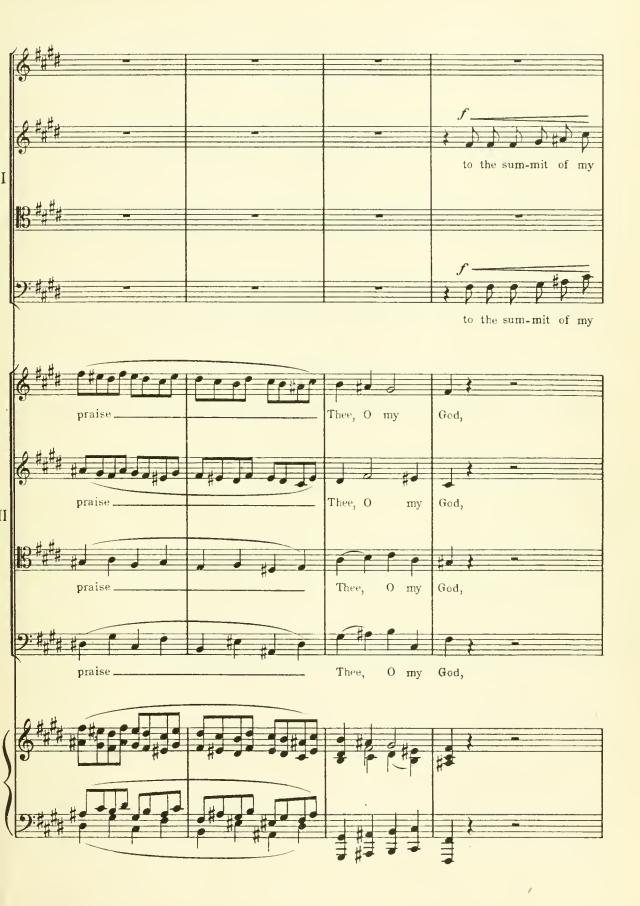


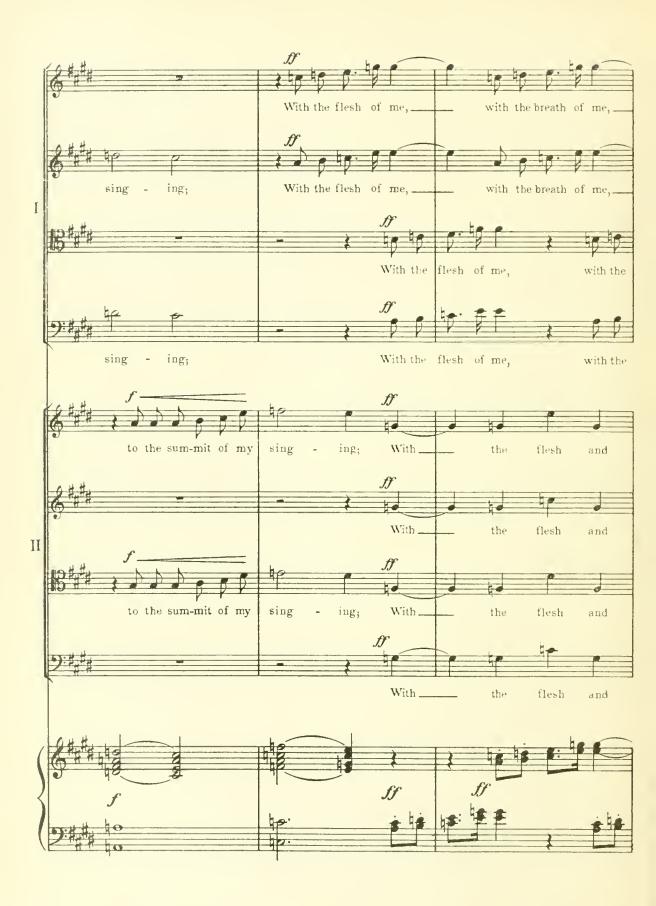






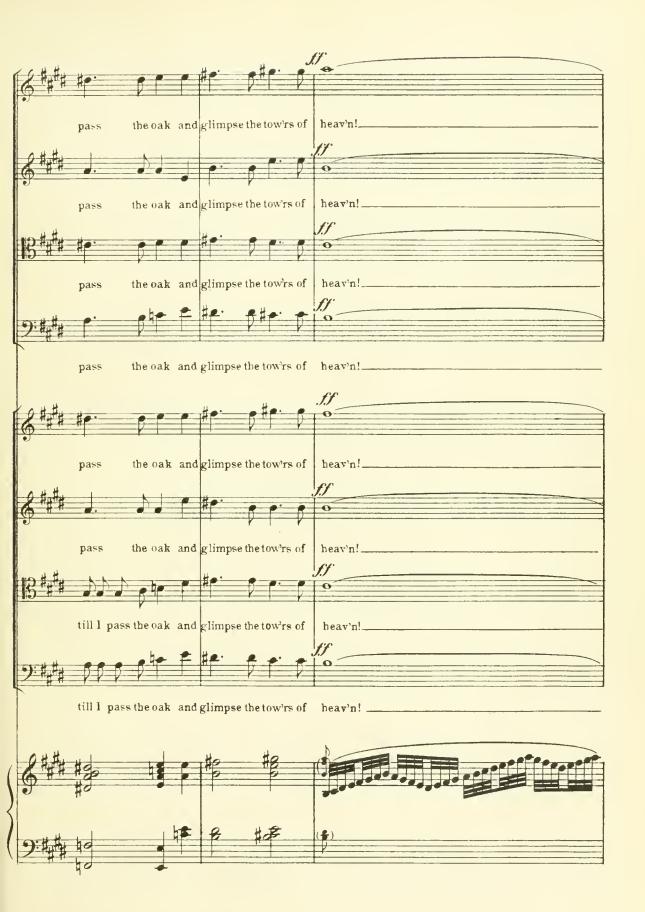


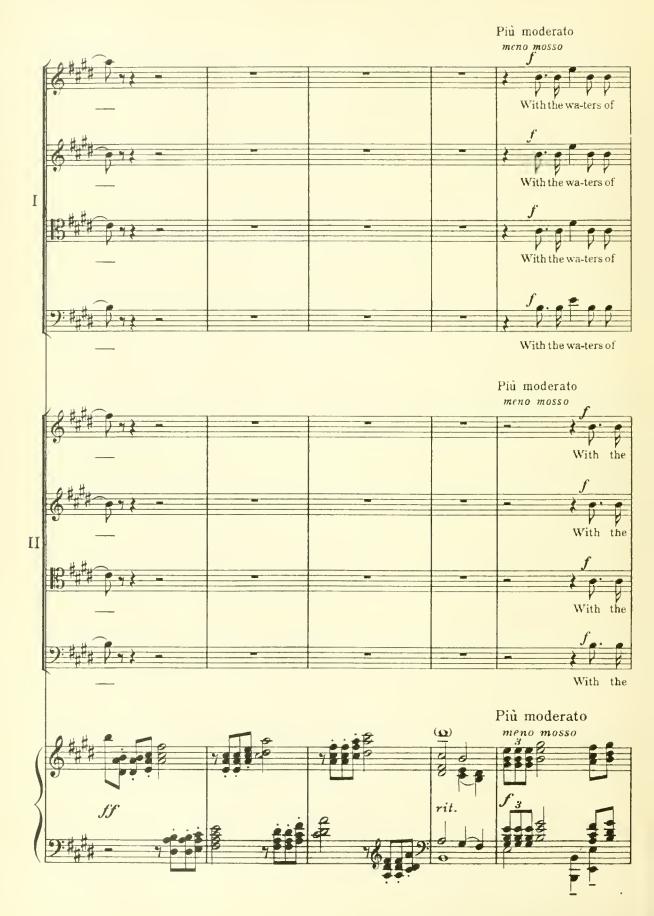


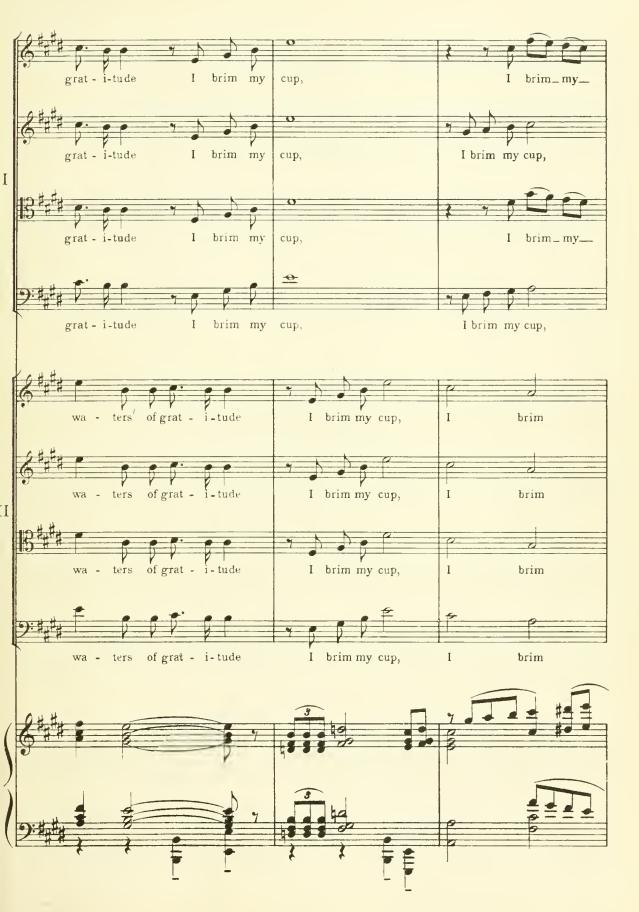


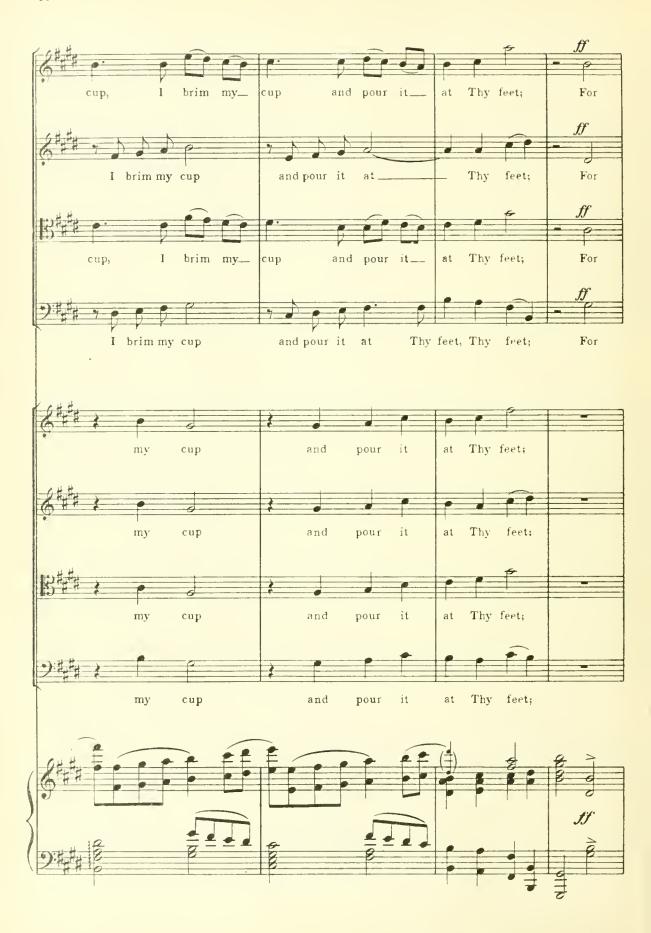




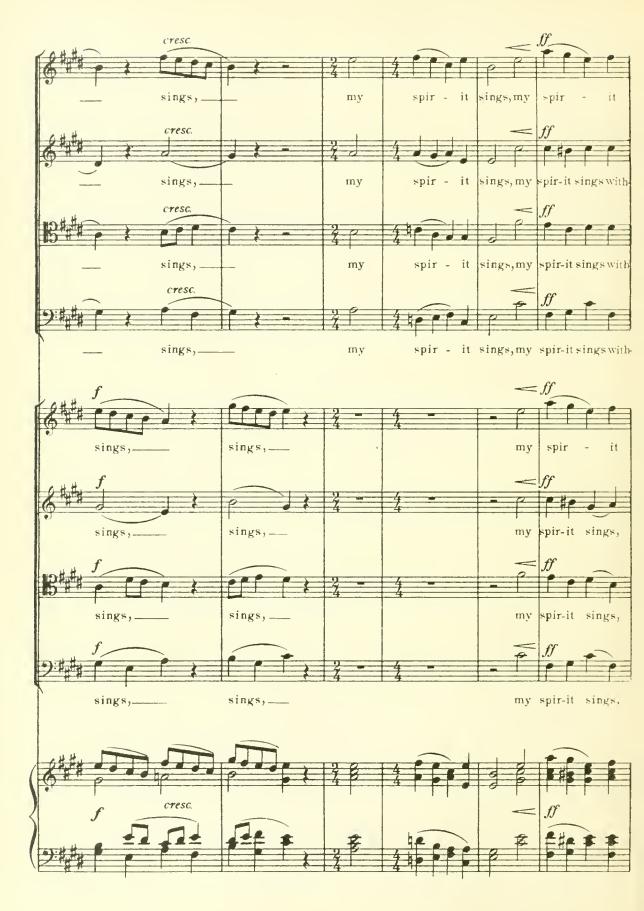










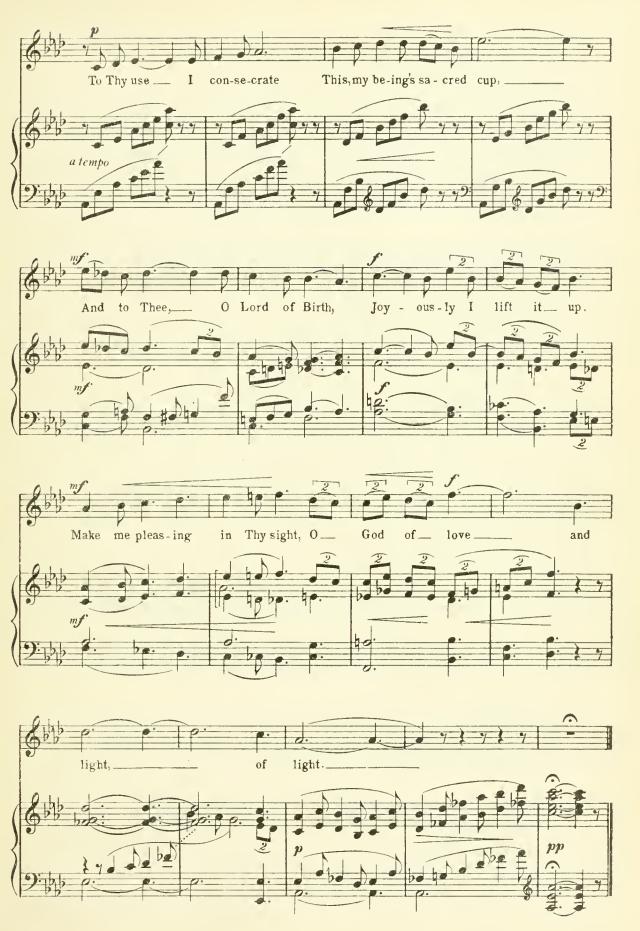




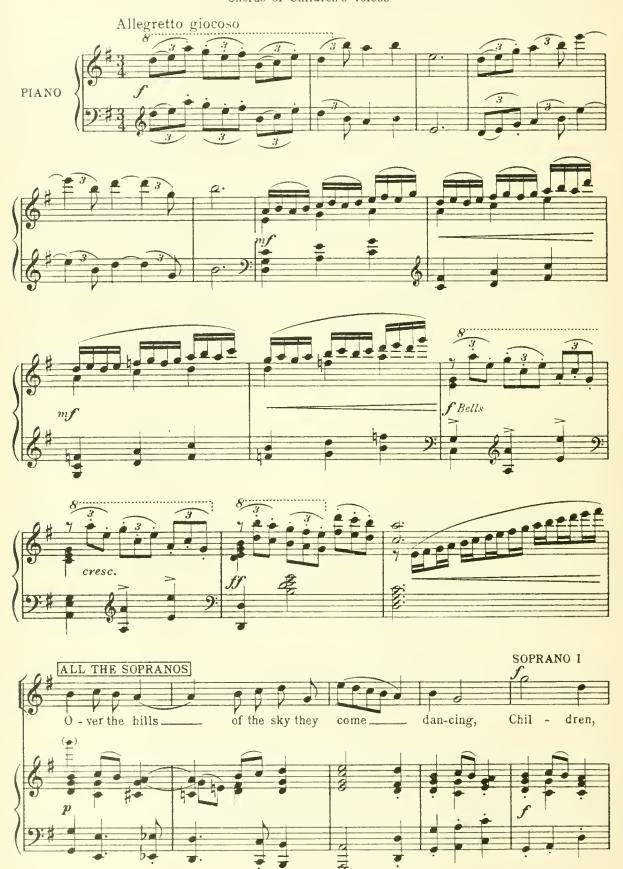








Nº 3. OVER THE HILLS OF THE SKY THEY COME DANCING Chorus of Children's Voices

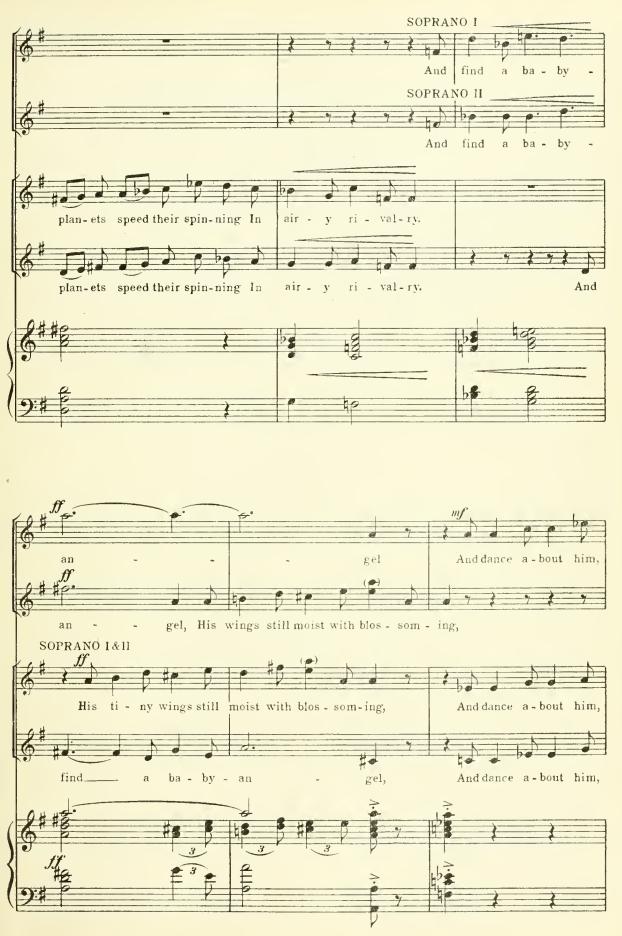






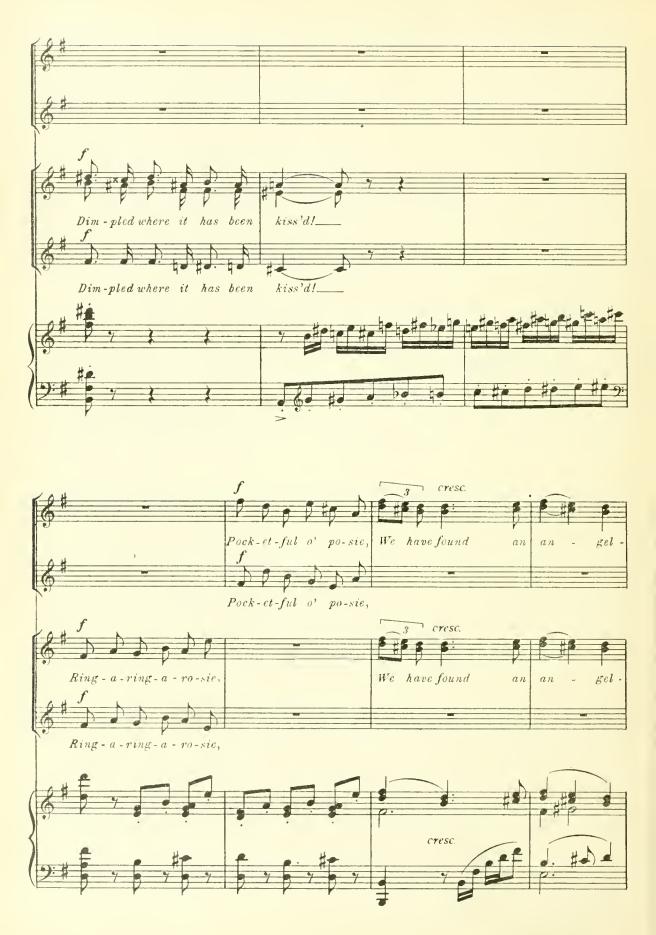




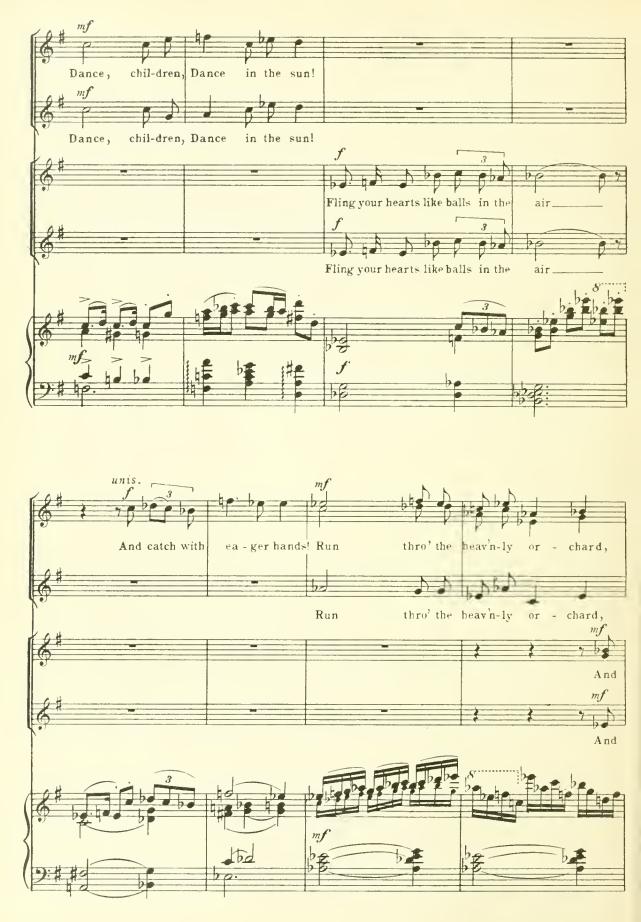


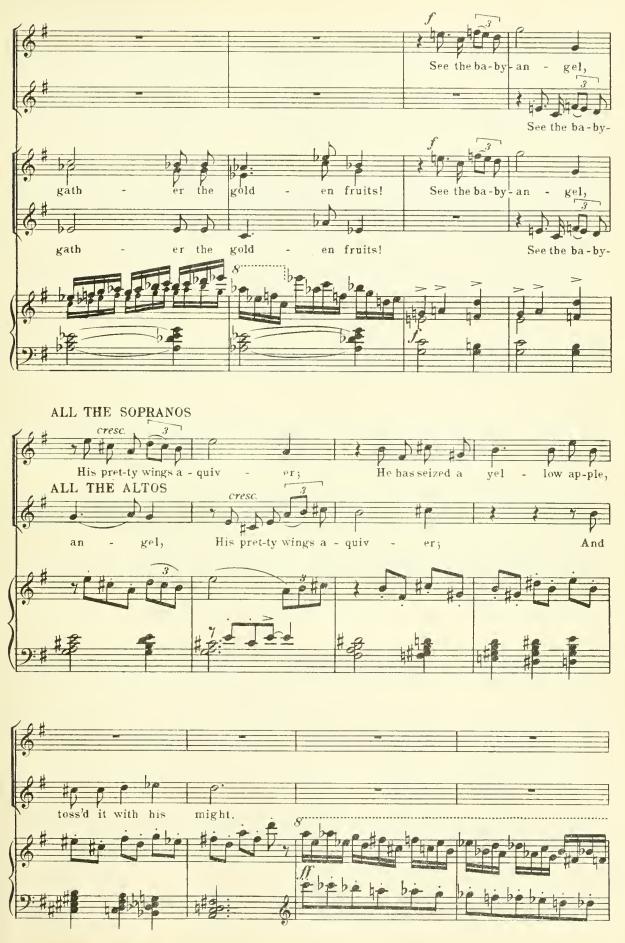








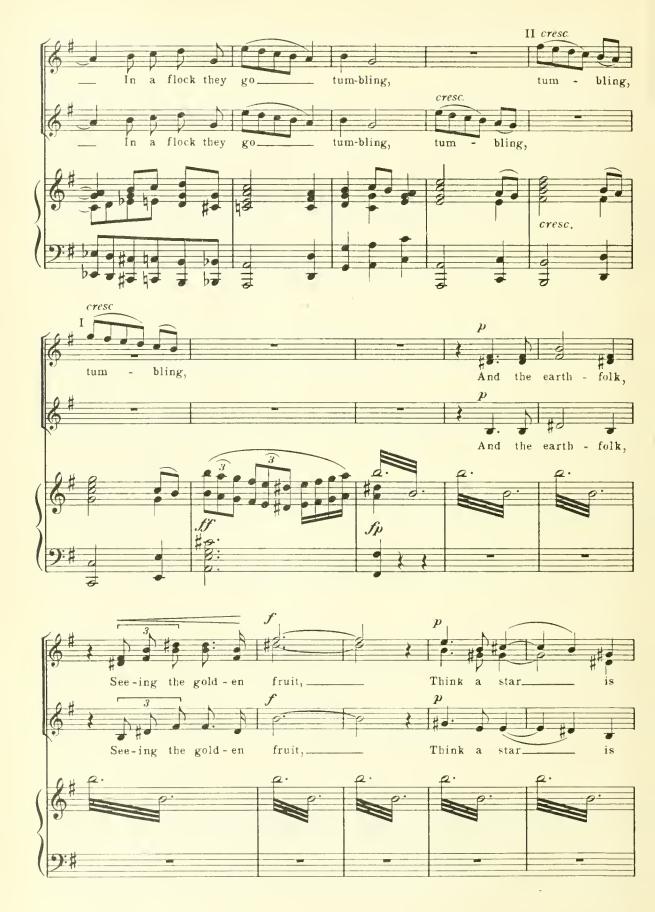


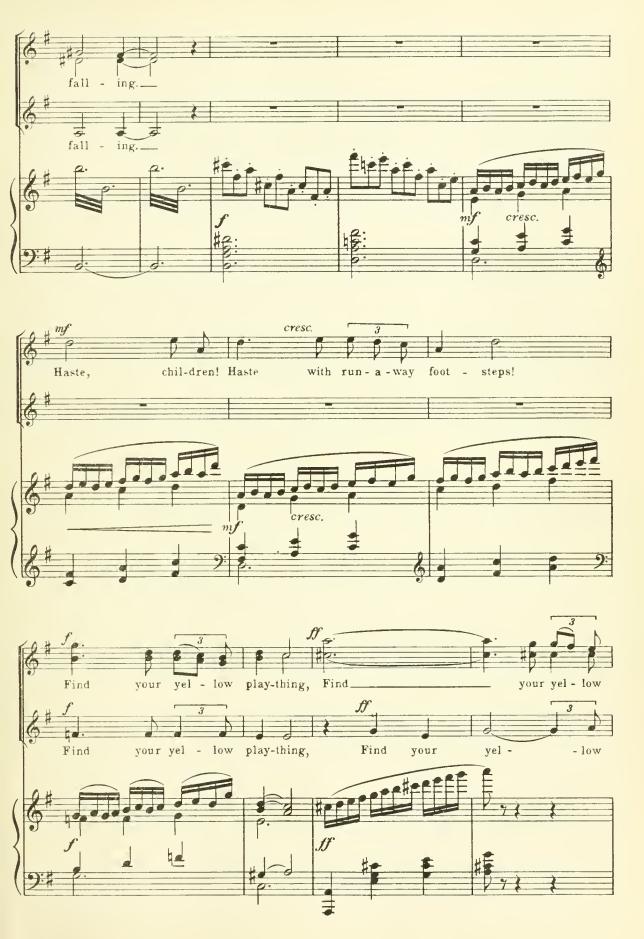


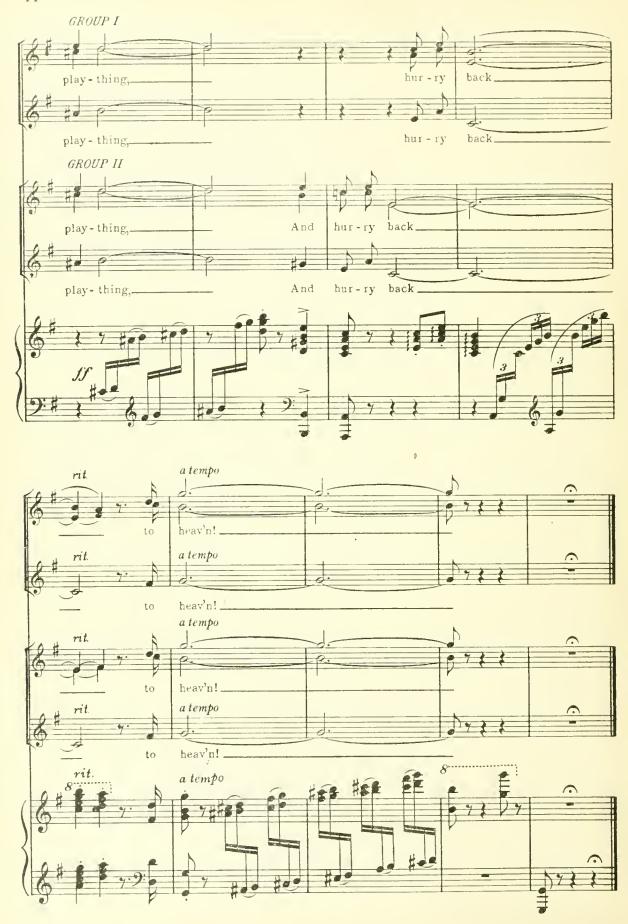








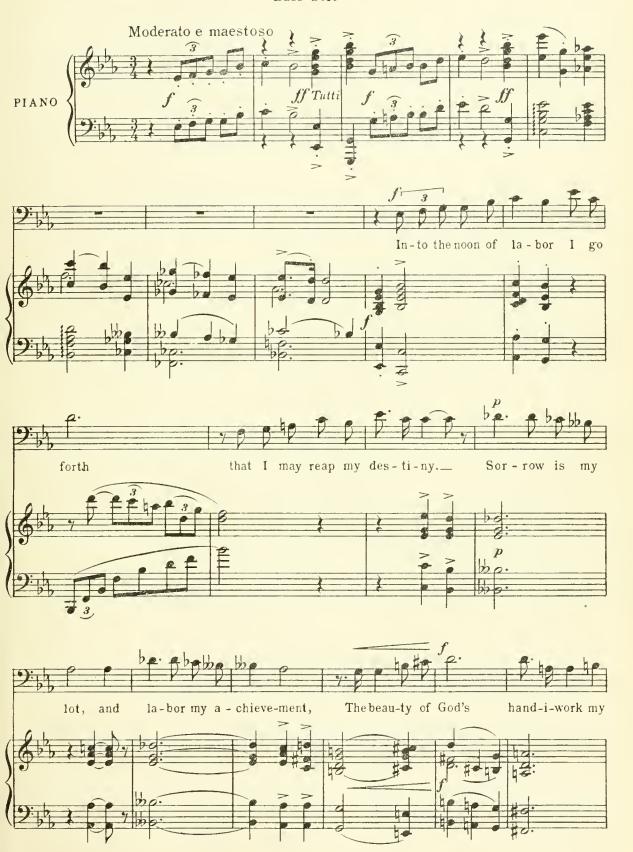




Part II - Life

Nº 4 INTO THE NOON OF LABOR

Bass Solo







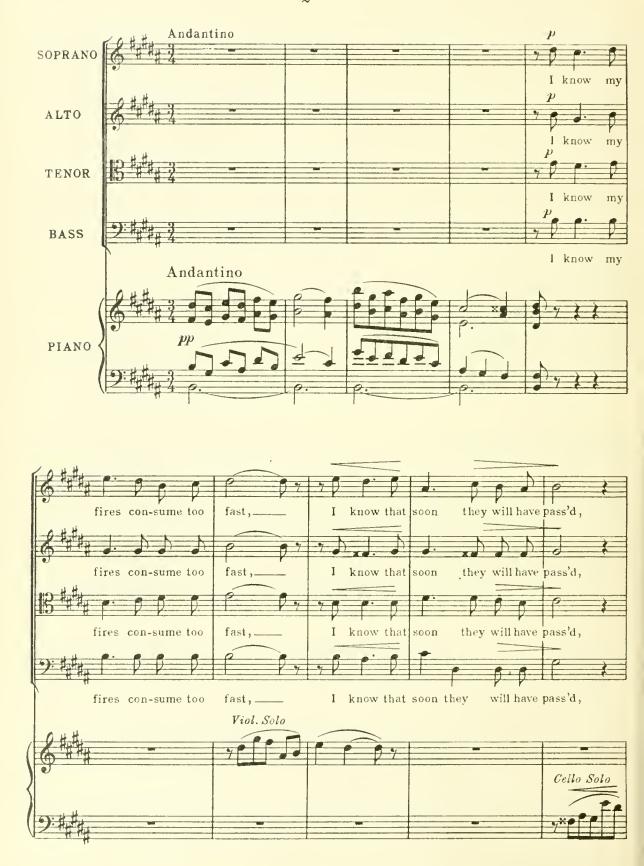


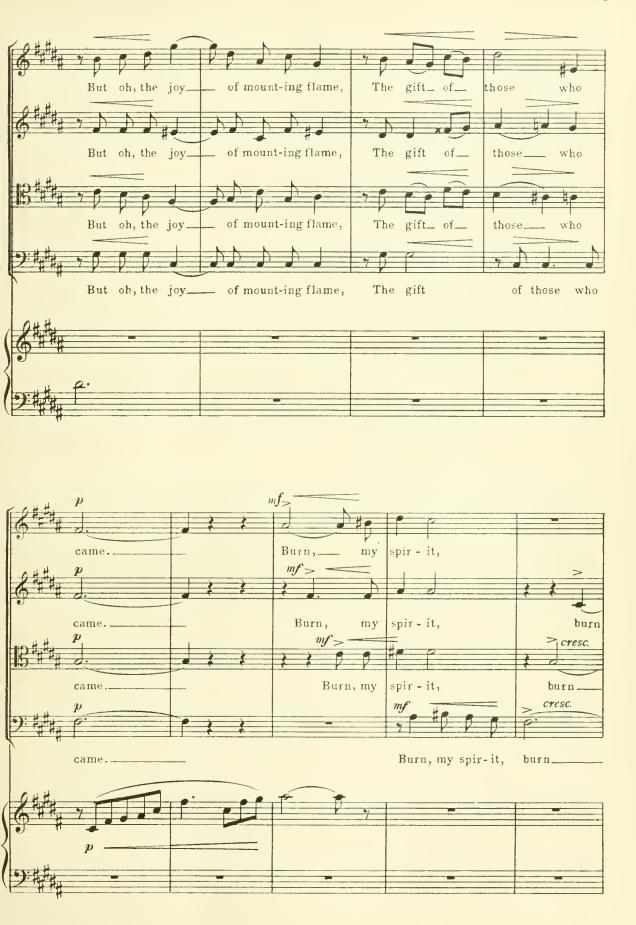


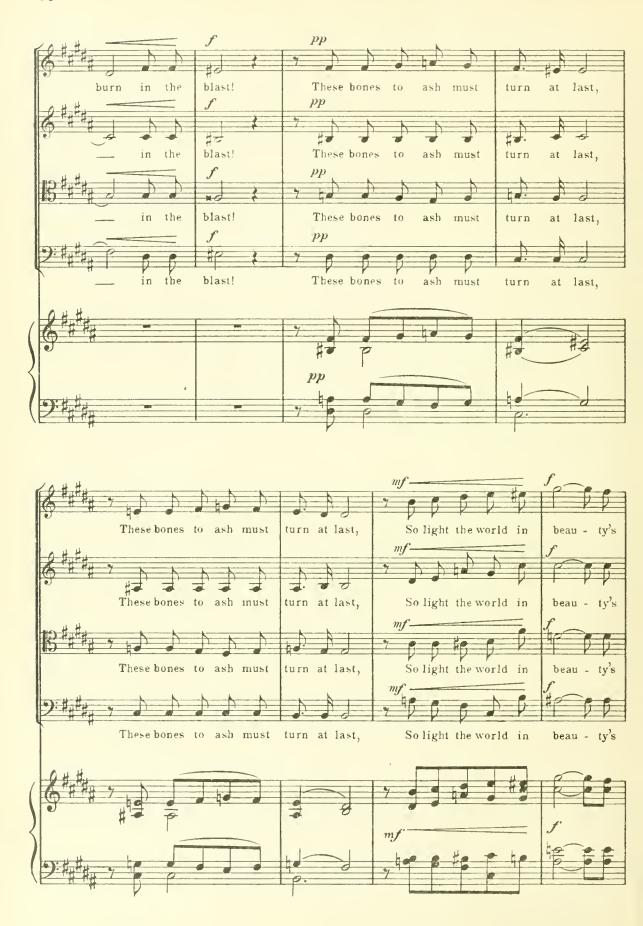


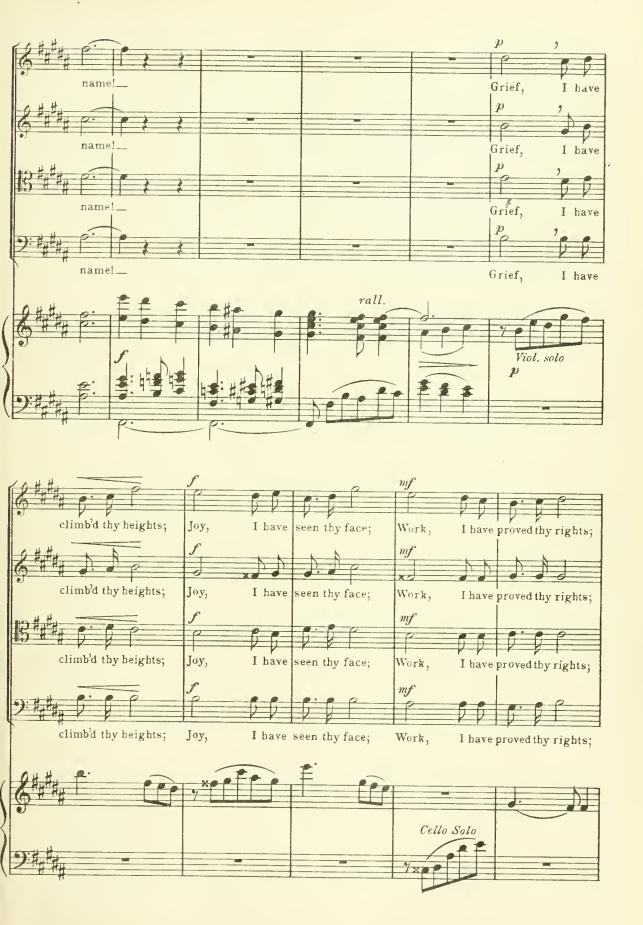
Nº5 I KNOW MY FIRES CONSUME TOO FAST

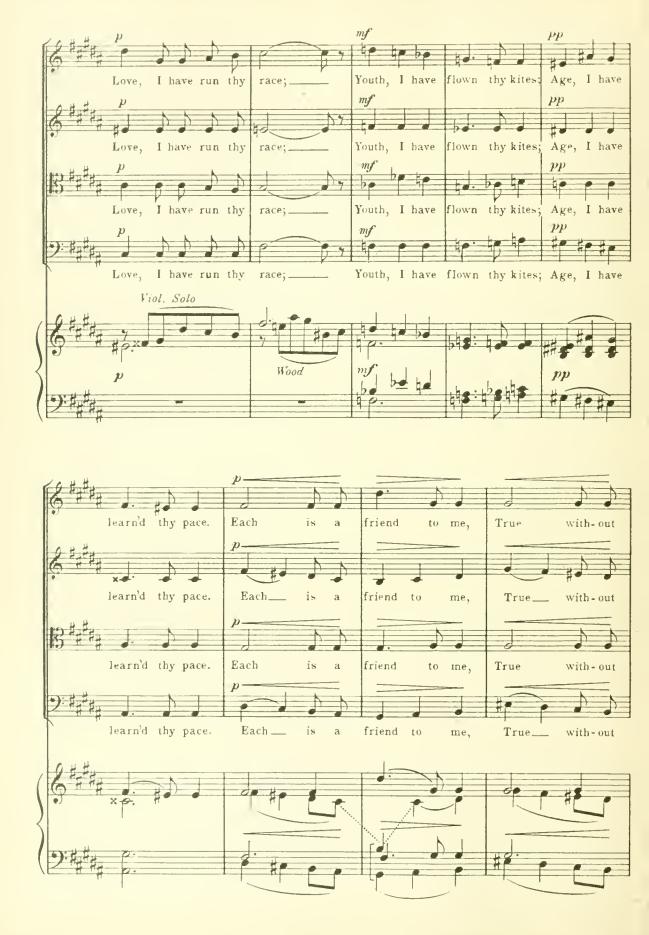
Quartet

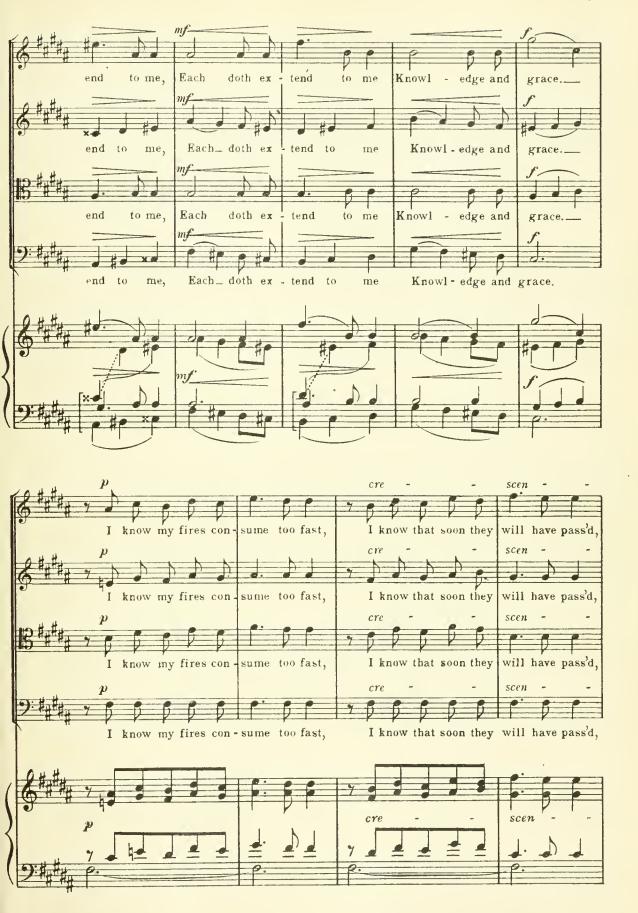










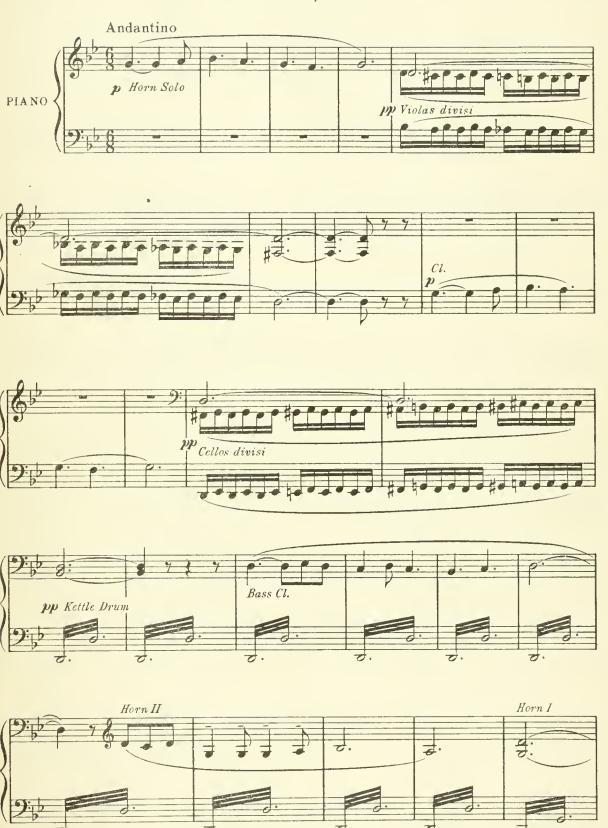


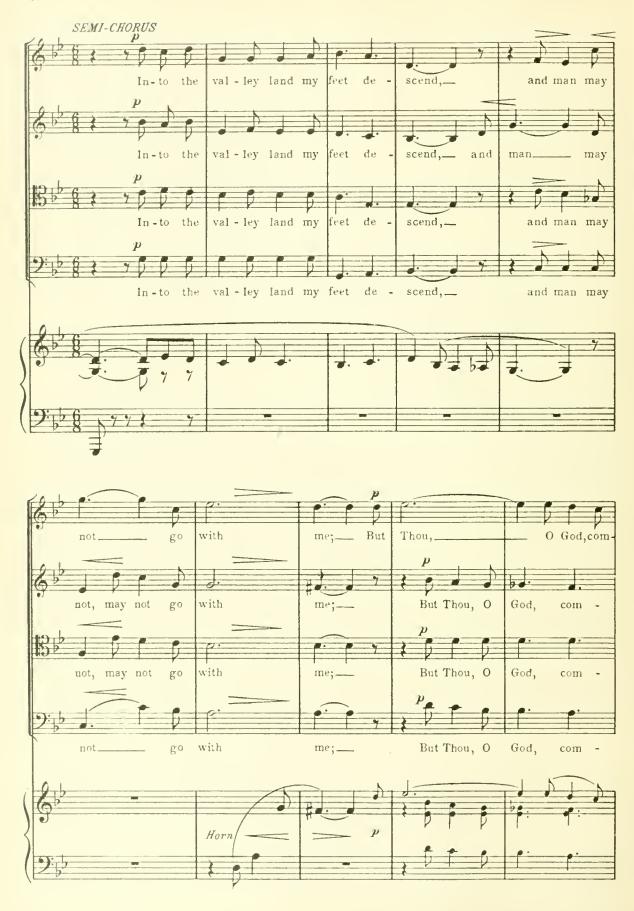


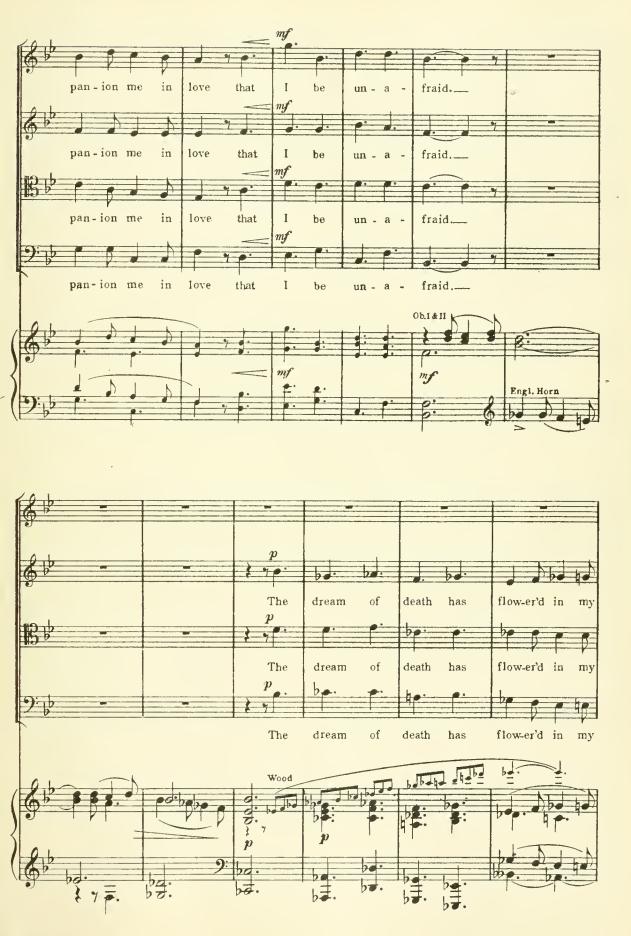
Part III – Death

Nº6. INTO THE VALLEY-LAND

Chorus with Soprano Solo



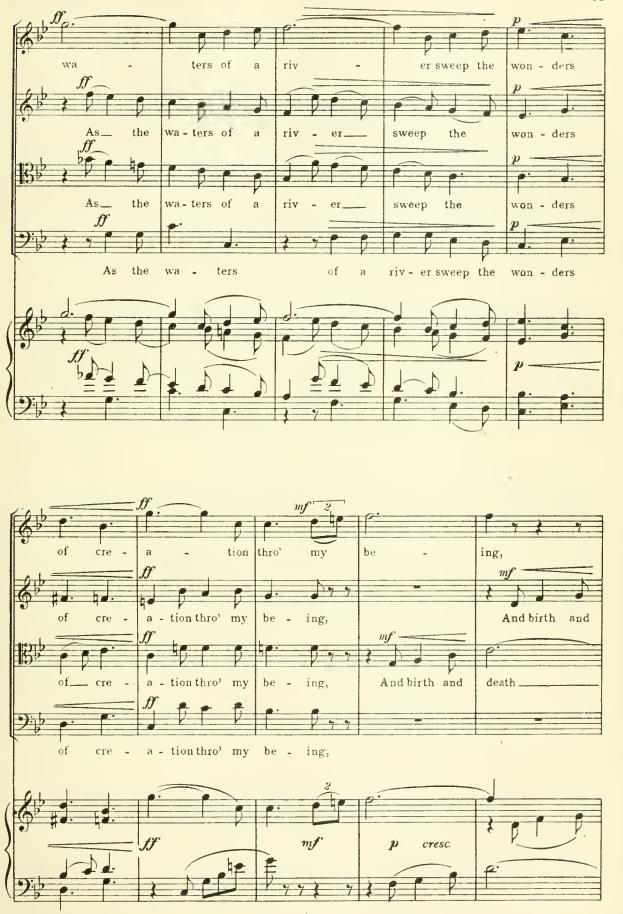






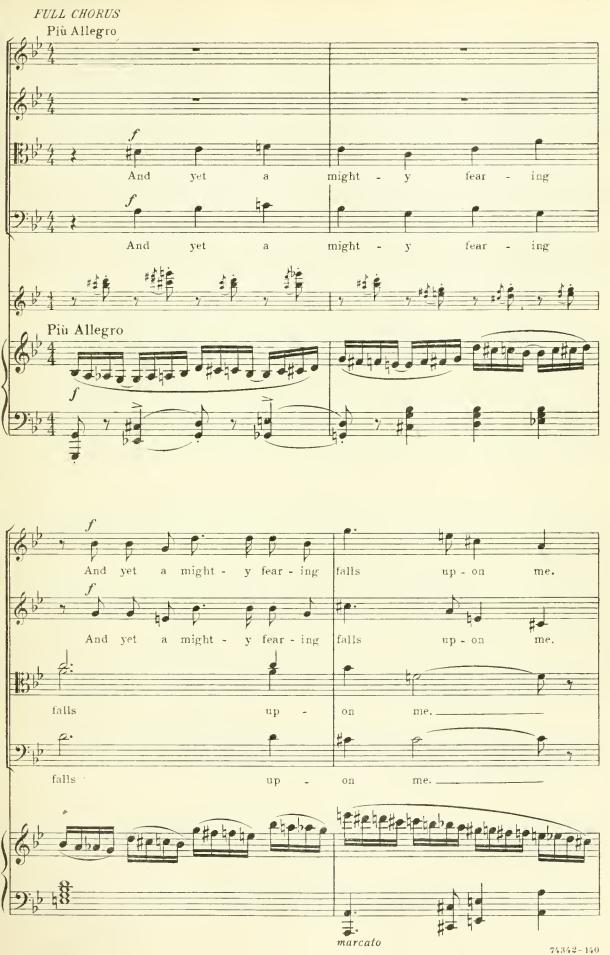












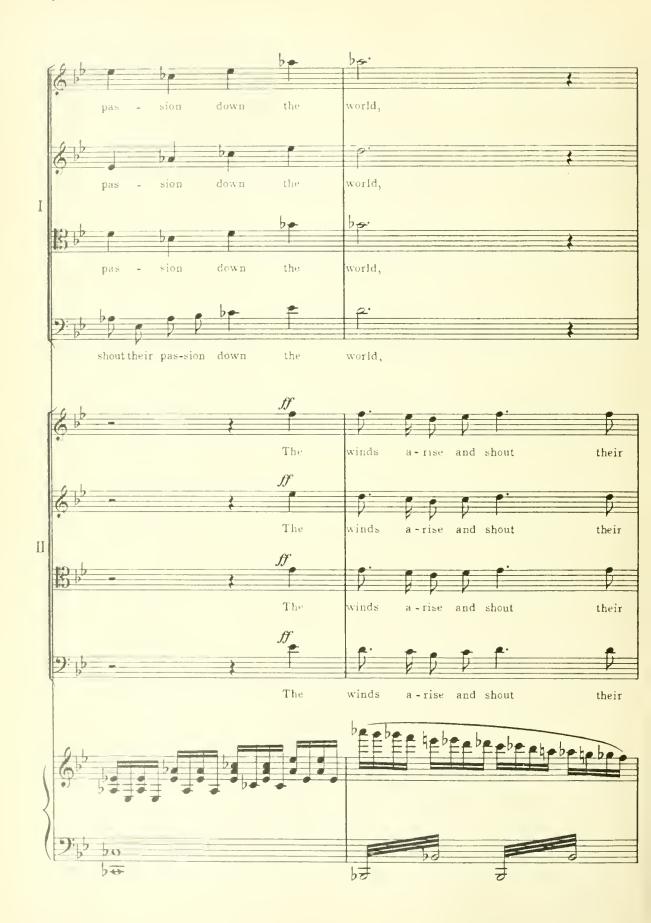






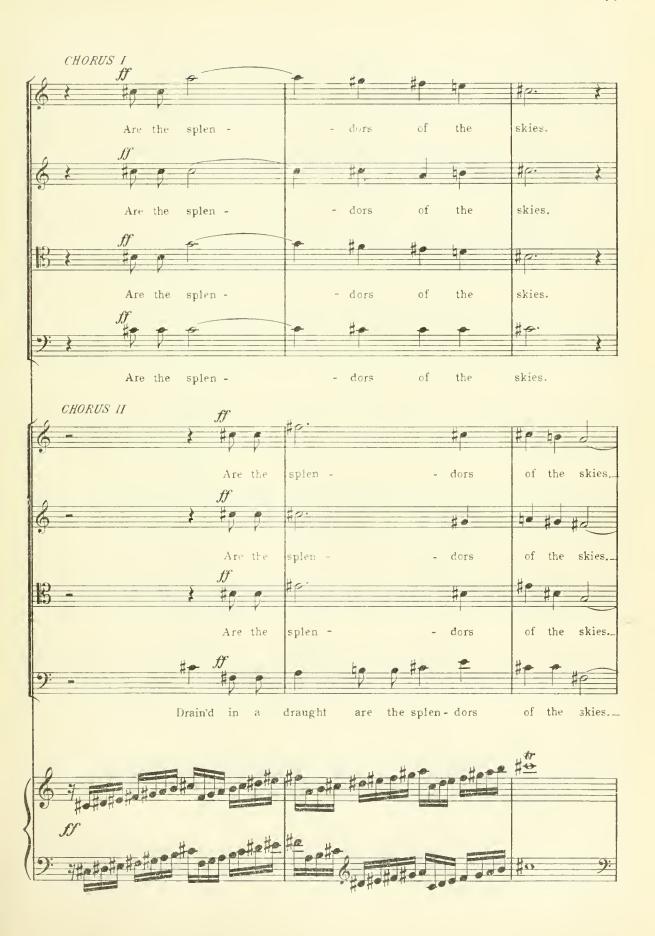


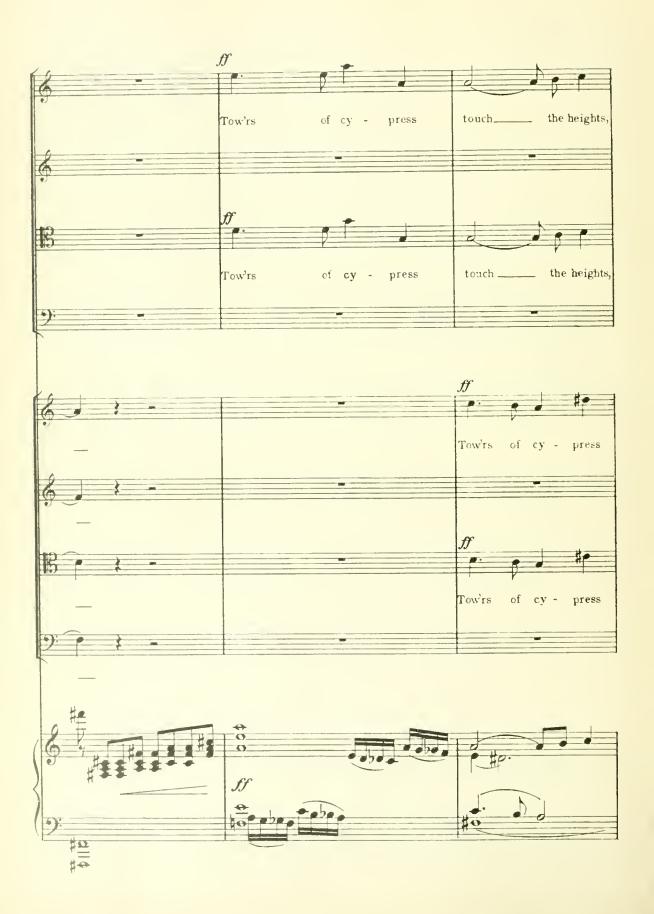




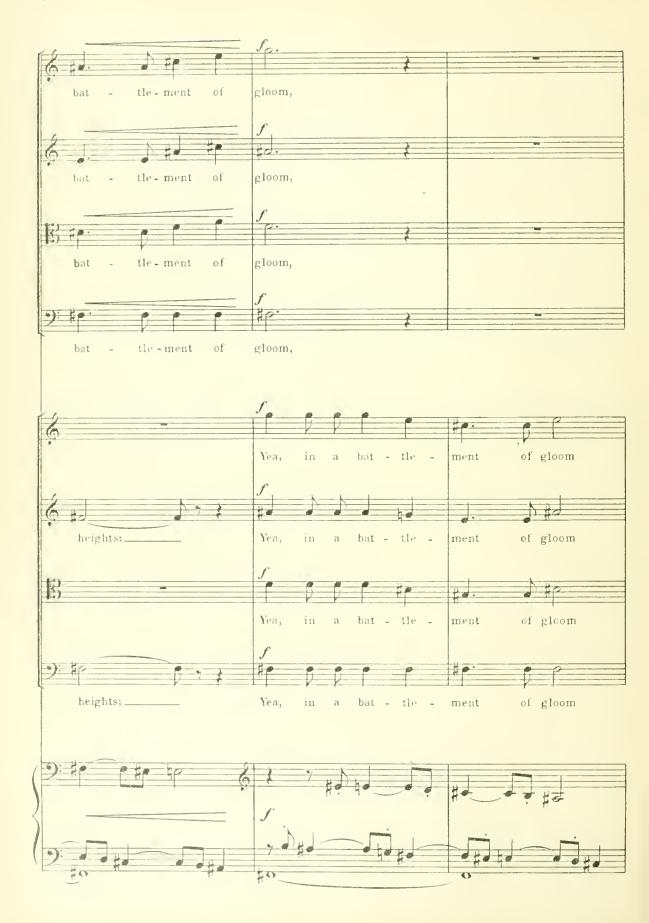


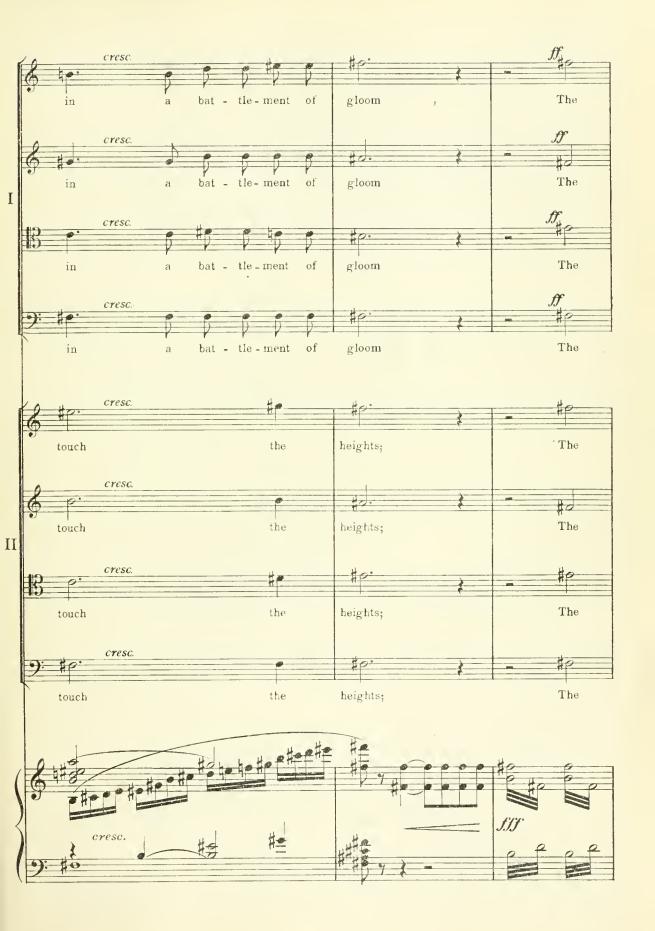












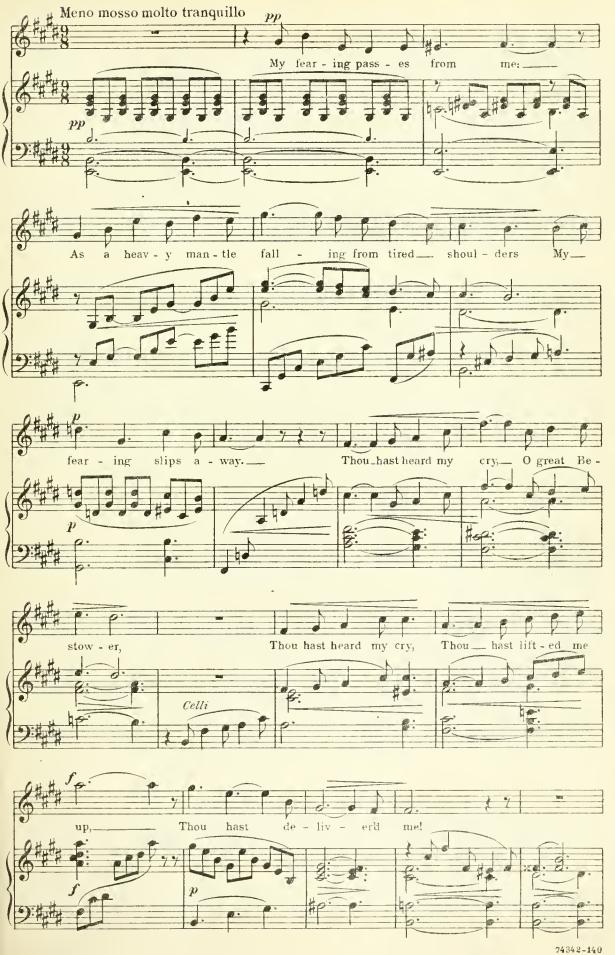


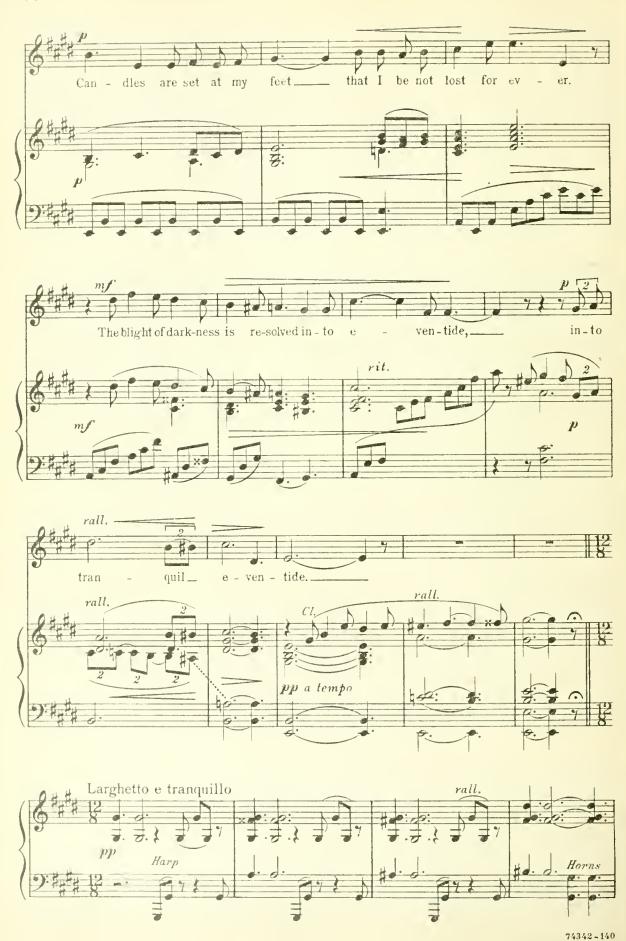


















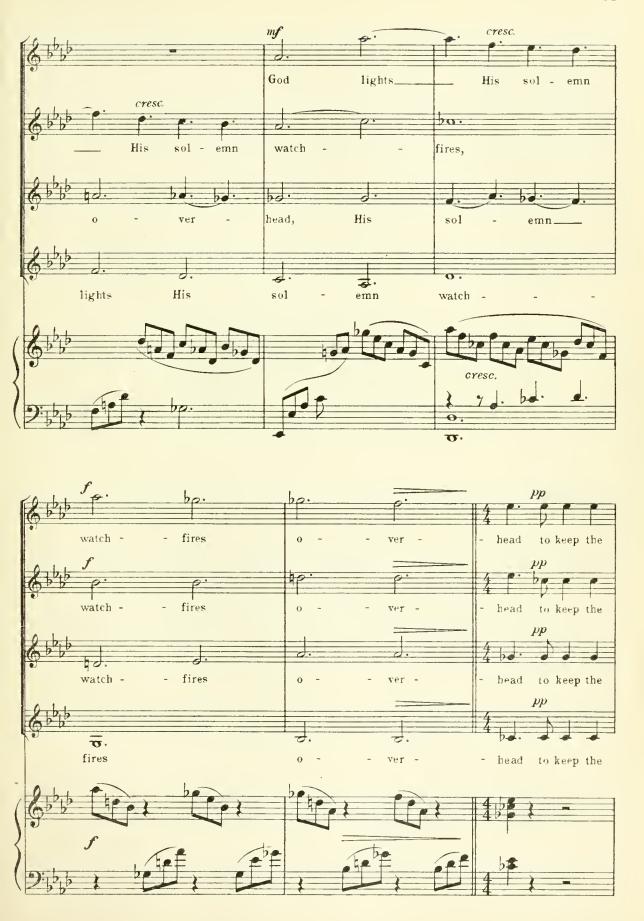






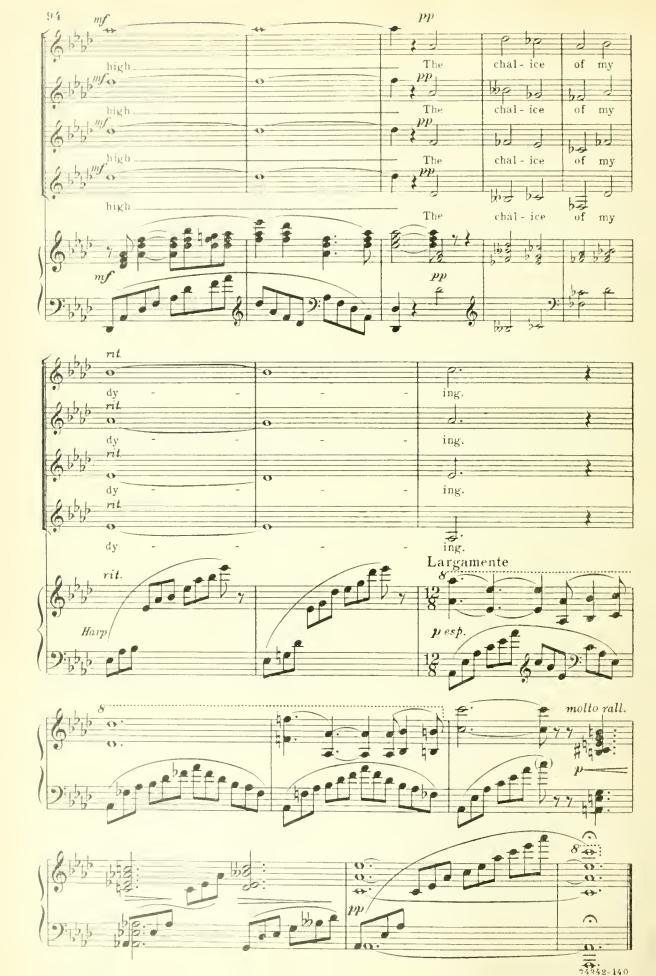










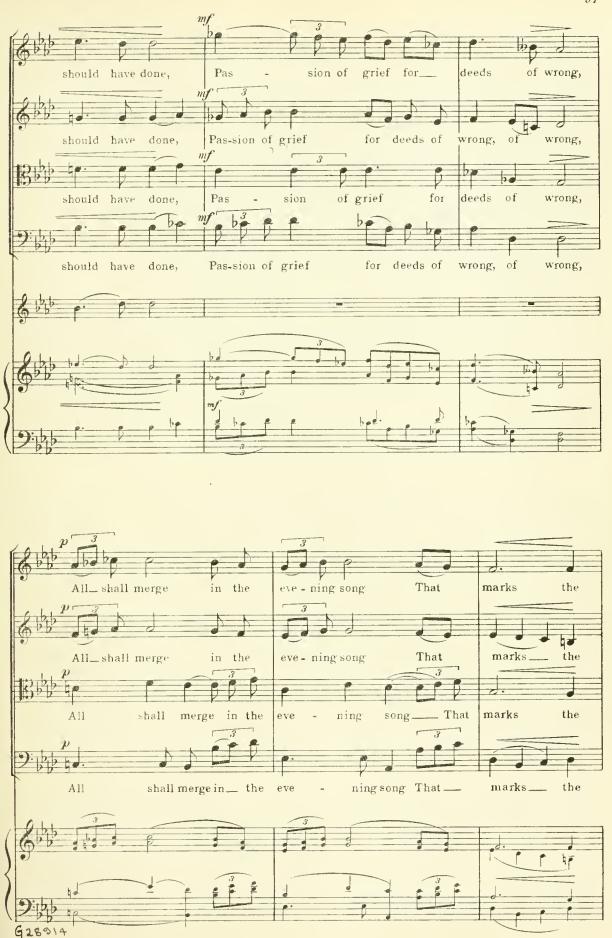


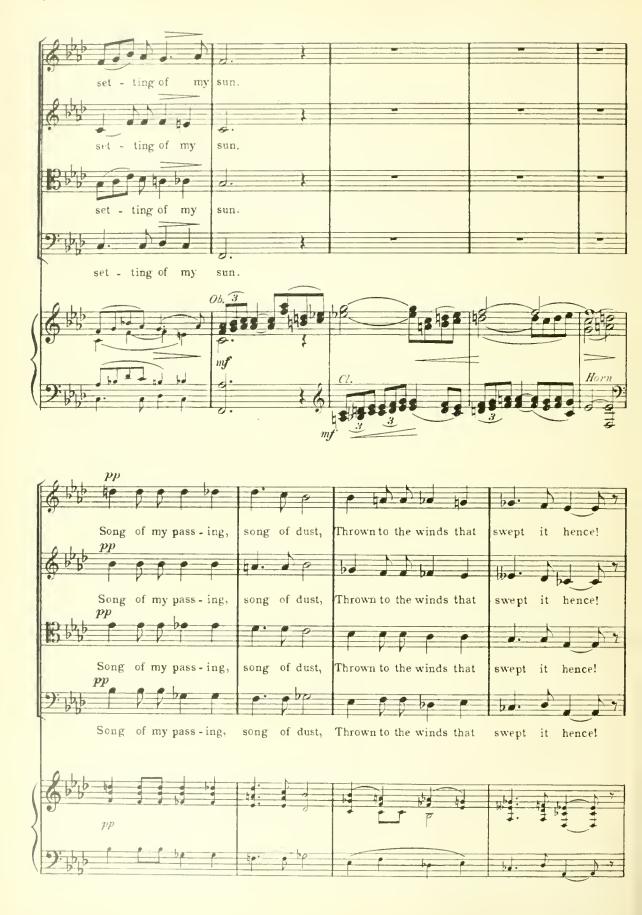
Chorus





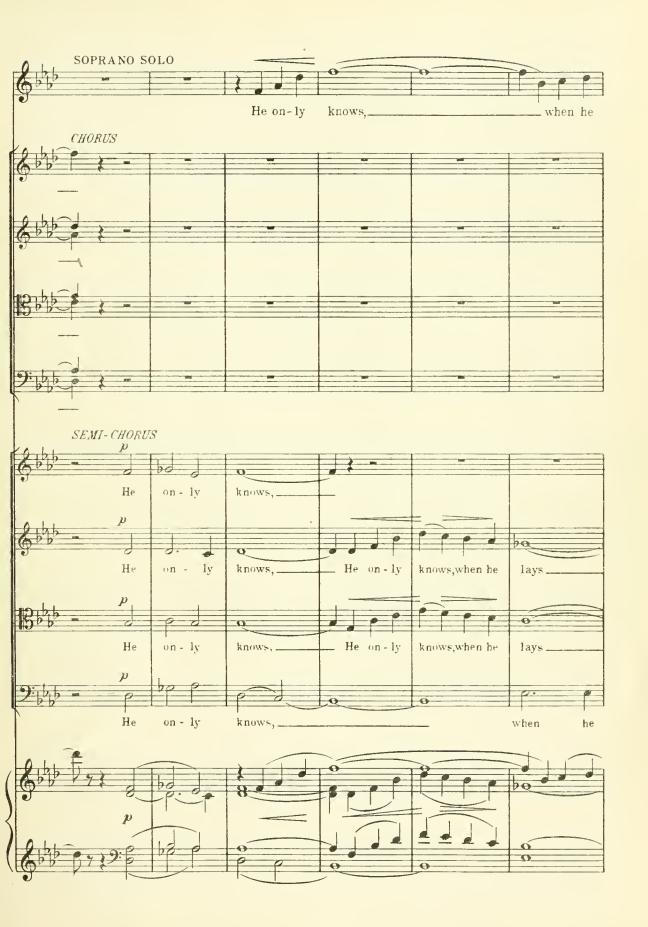


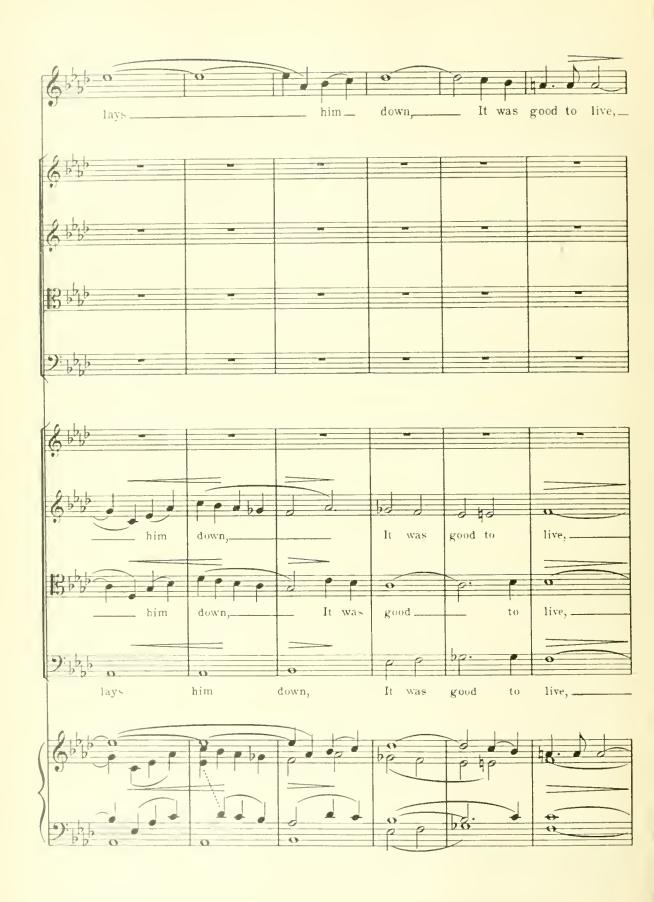




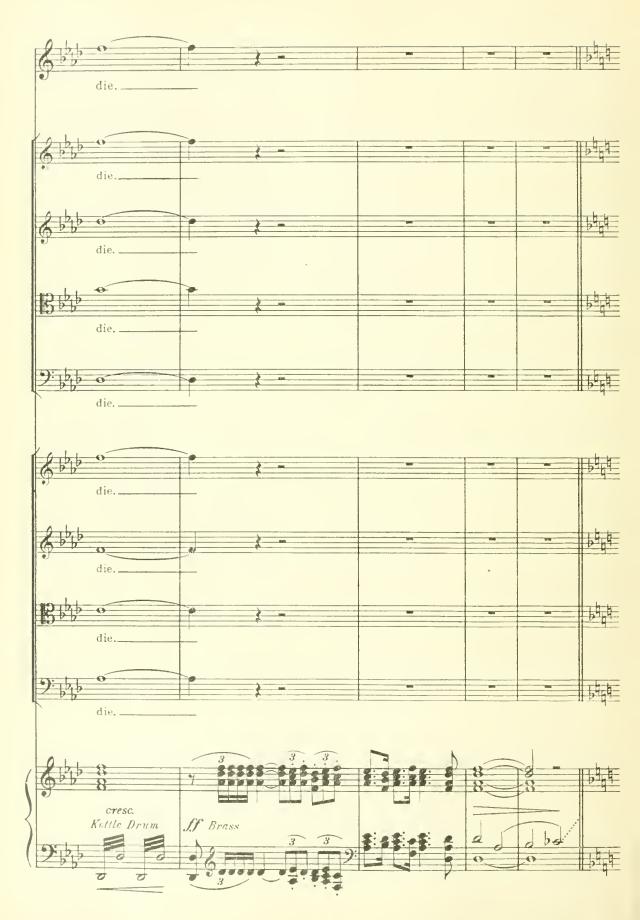


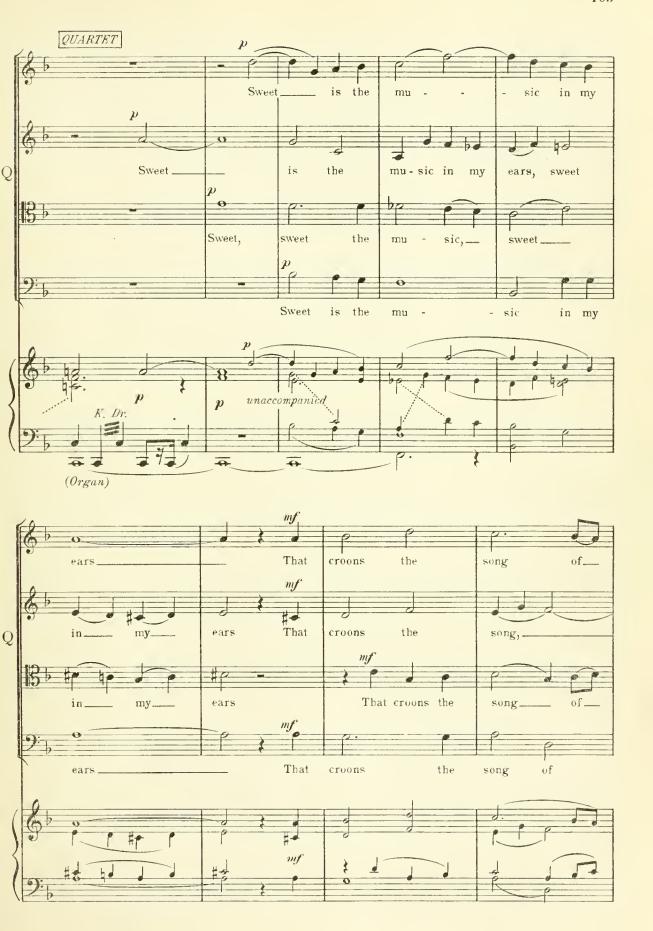


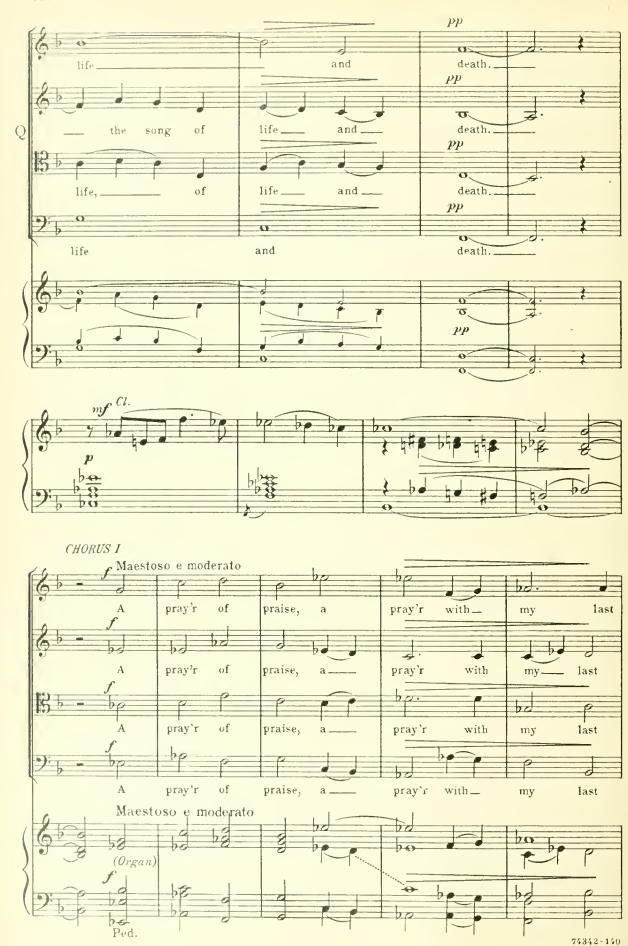


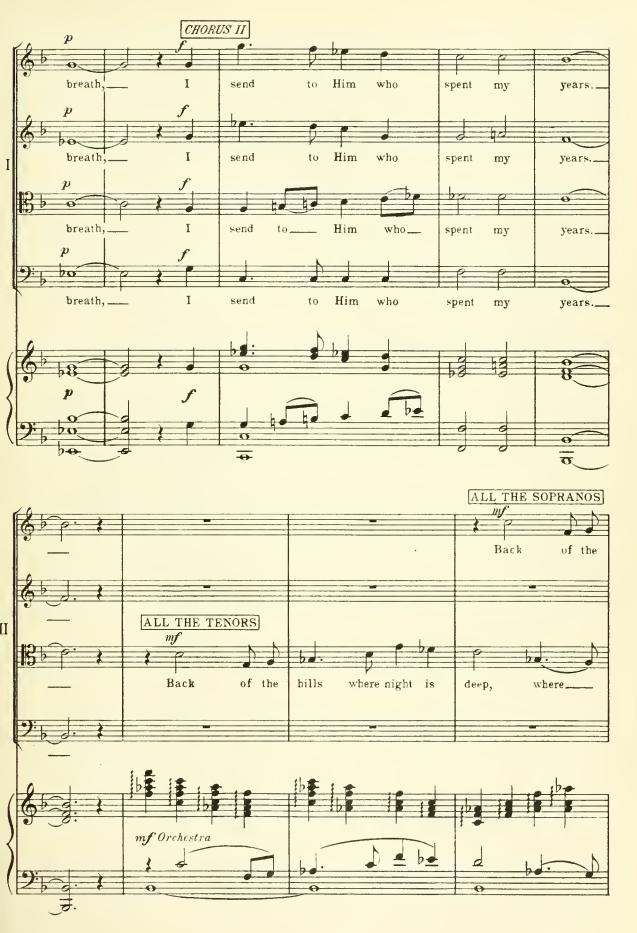


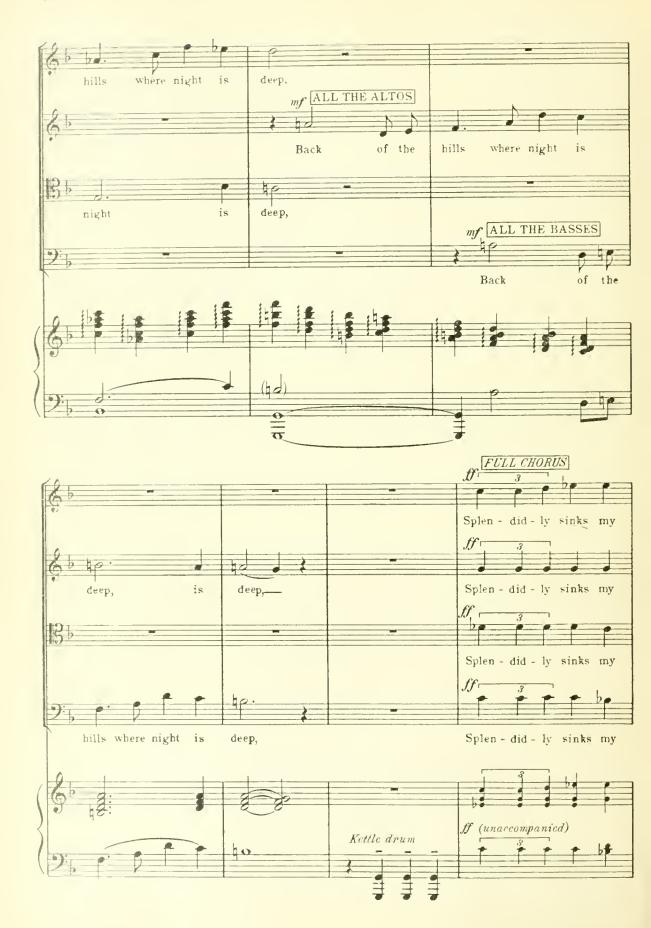


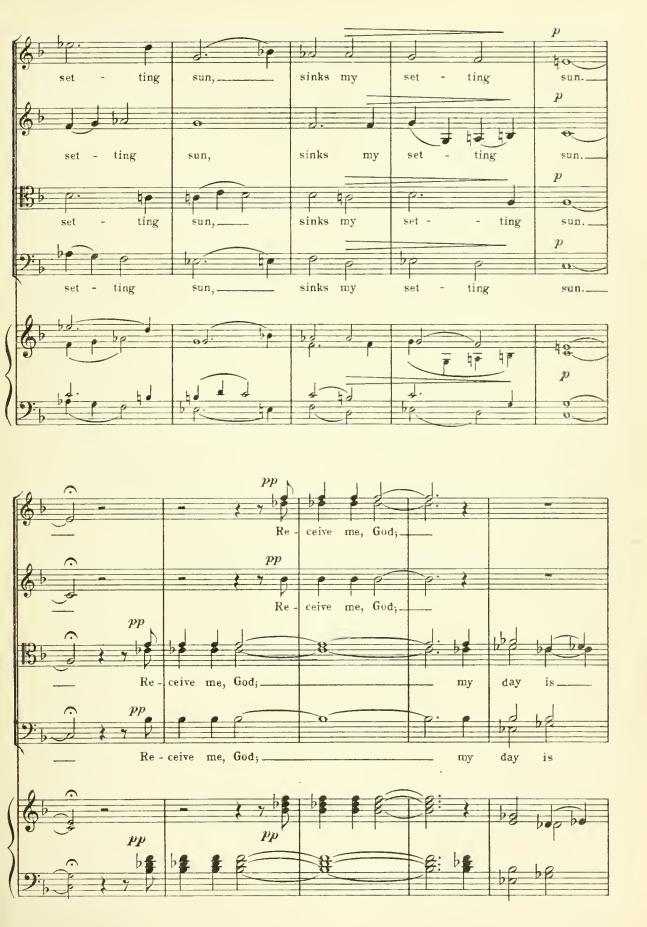






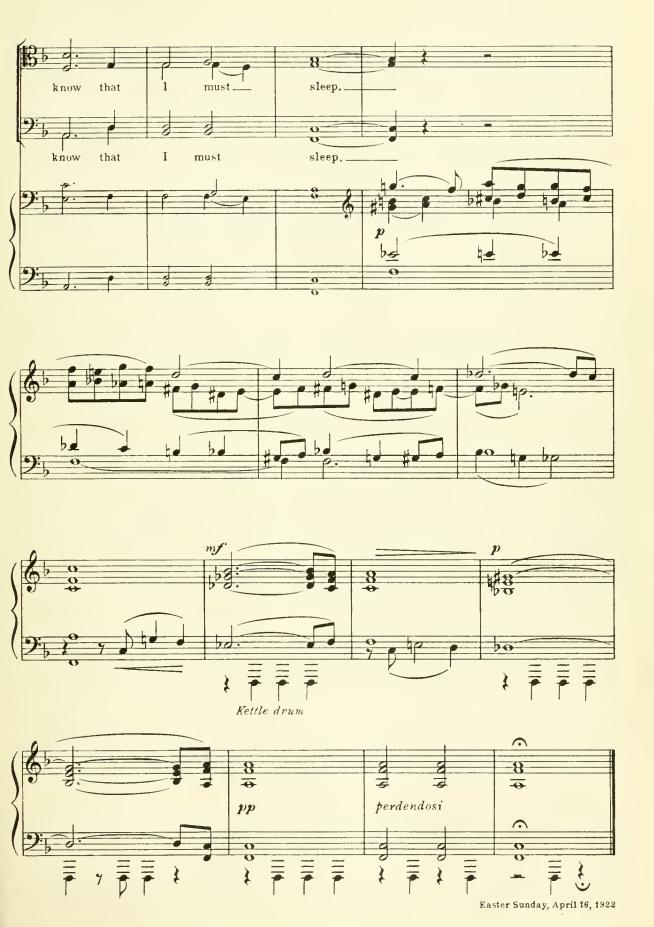








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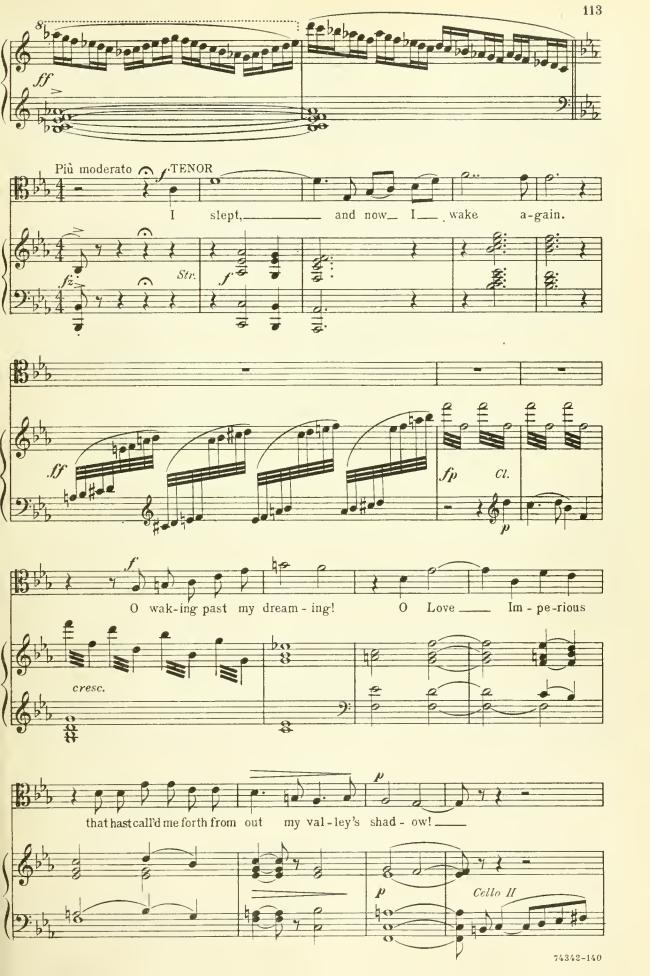


Part IV—Re-Birth

Nº8. I SLEPT, AND NOW I WAKE

Tenor Solo







74342-140







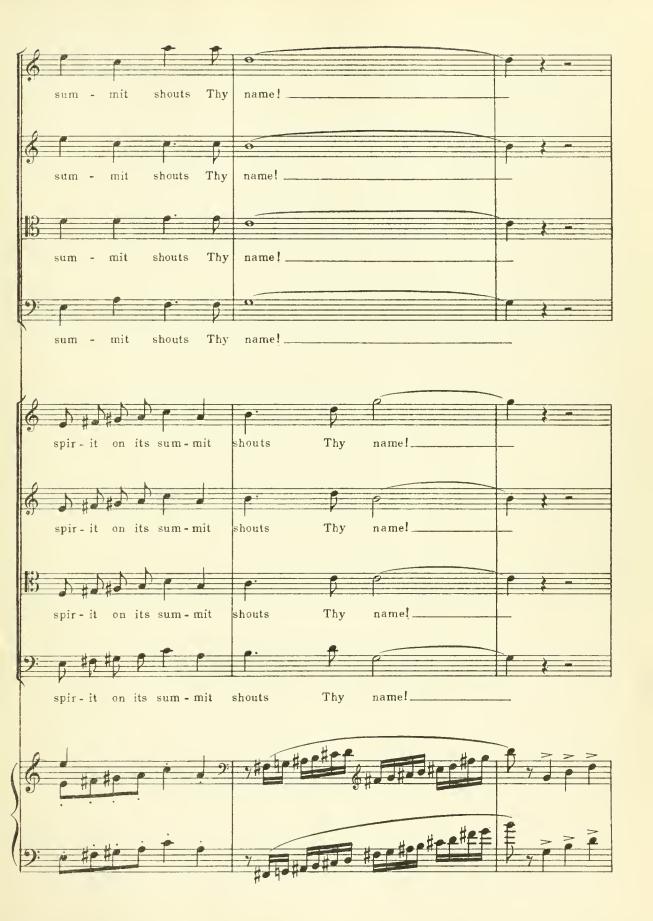


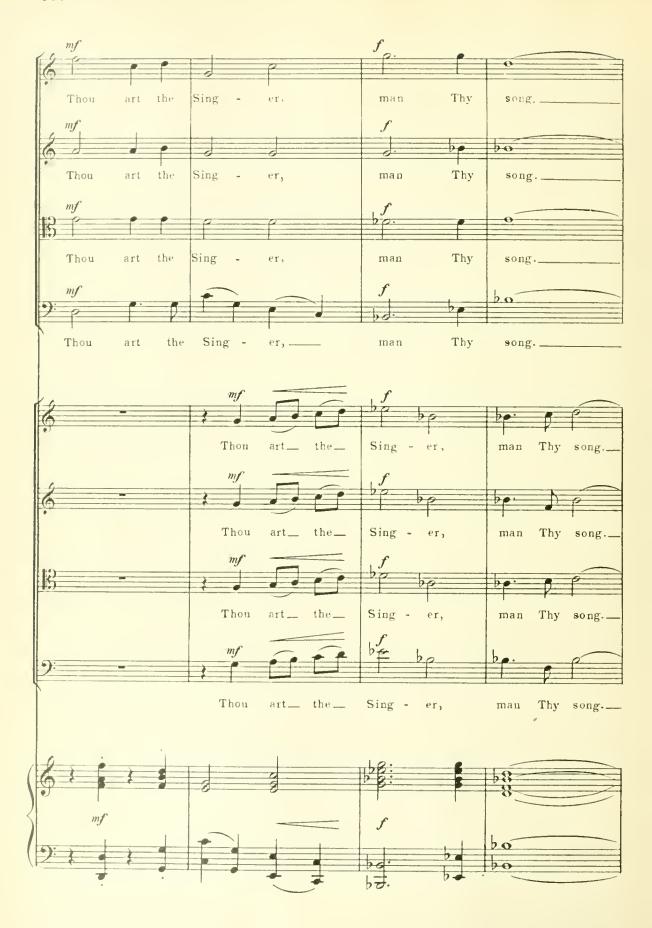
Nº 9. I PRAISE THEE!

Final Chorus

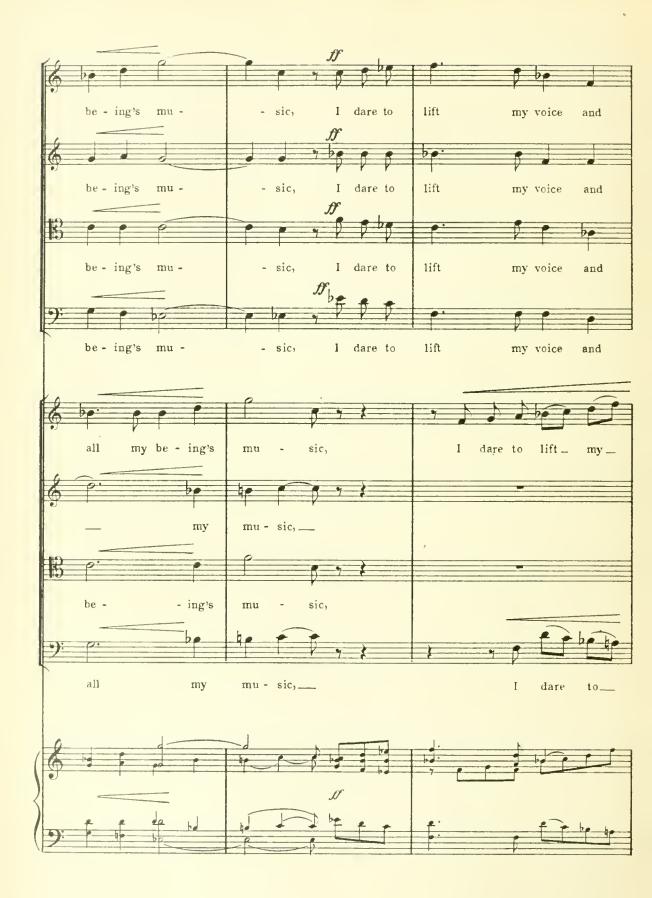


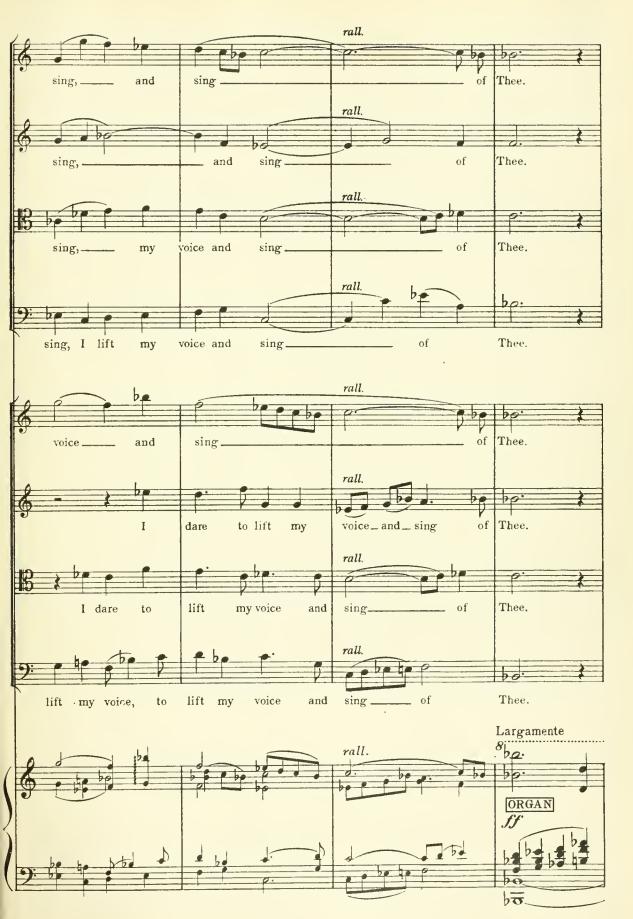


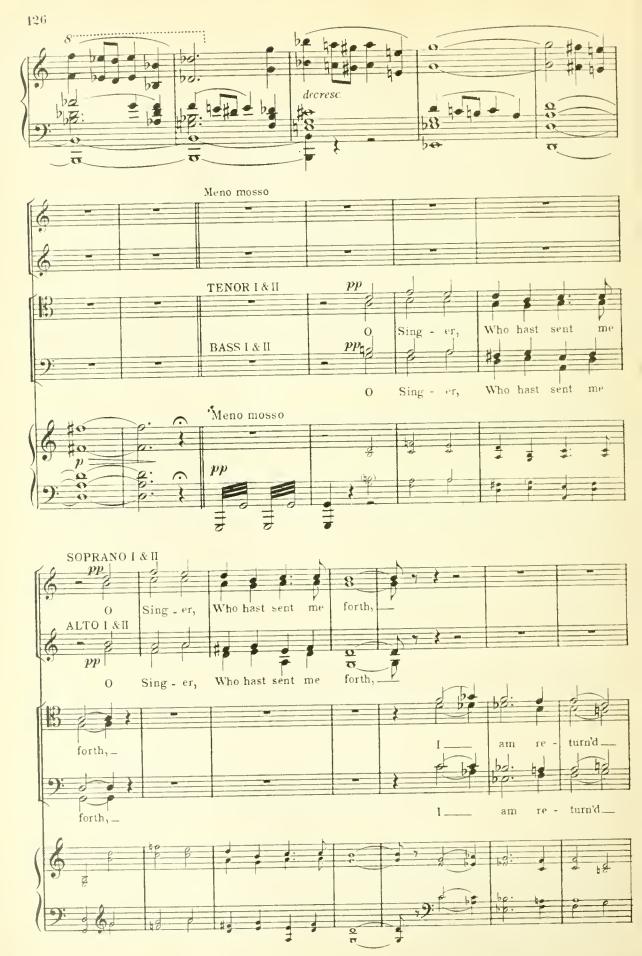




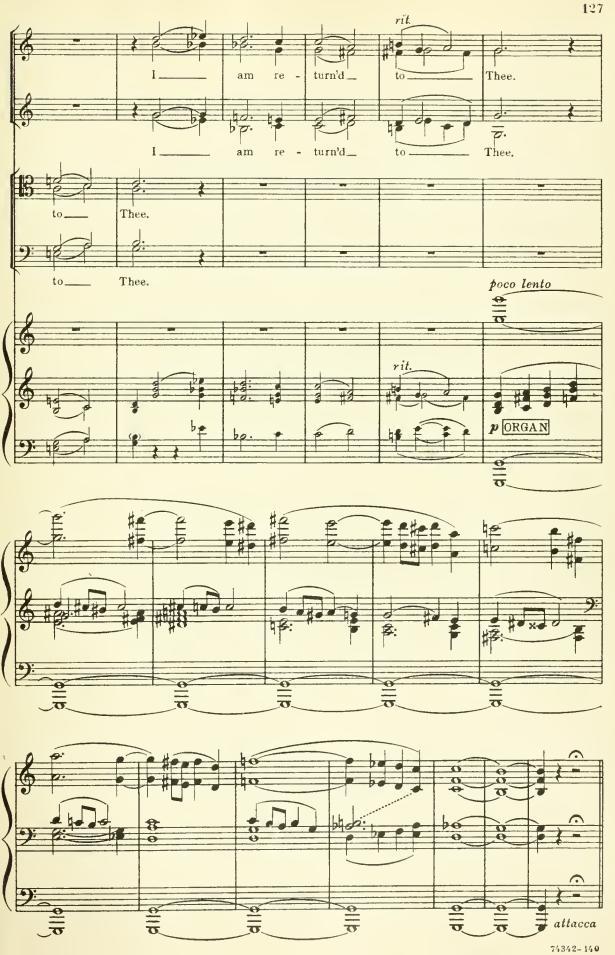




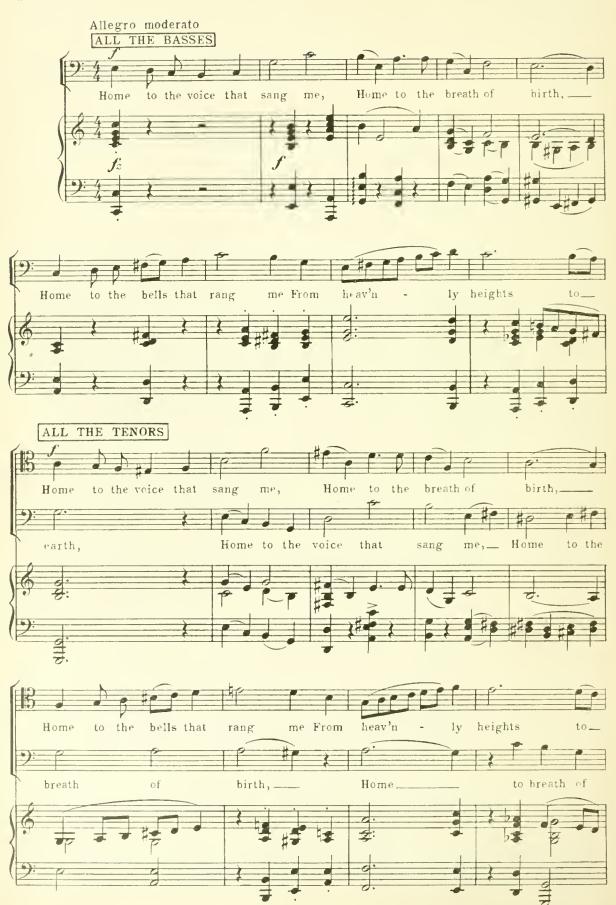








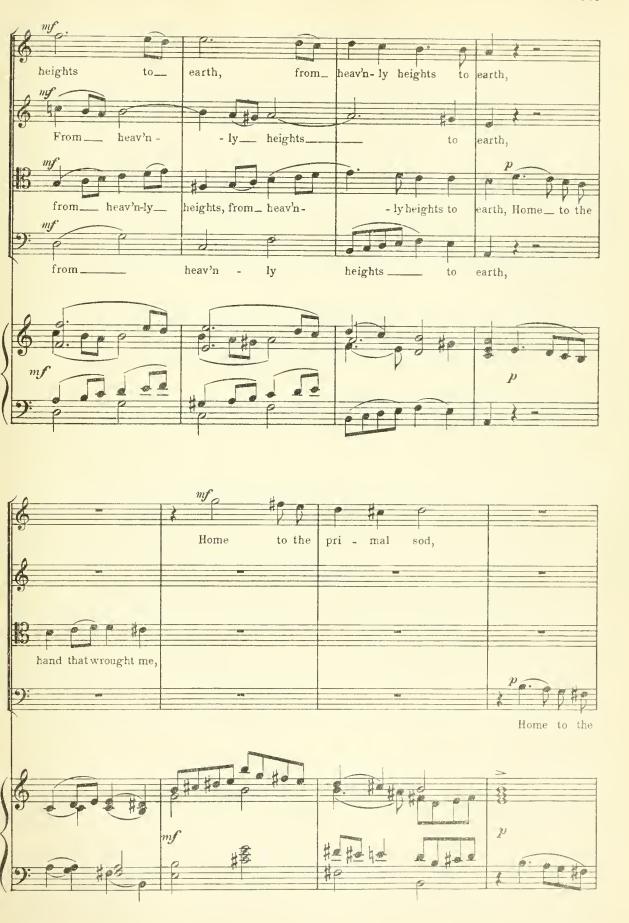
FUGUE

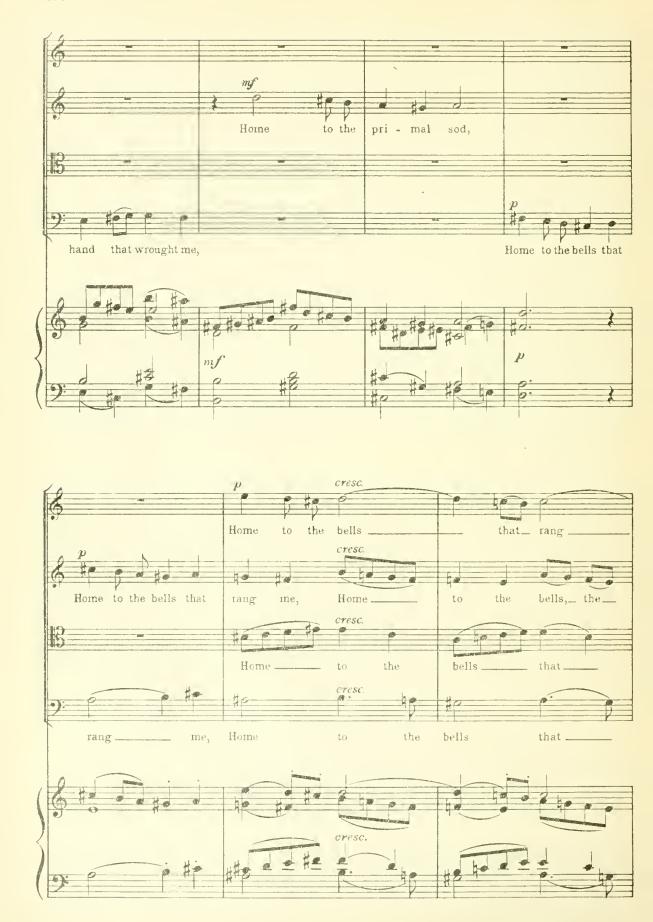


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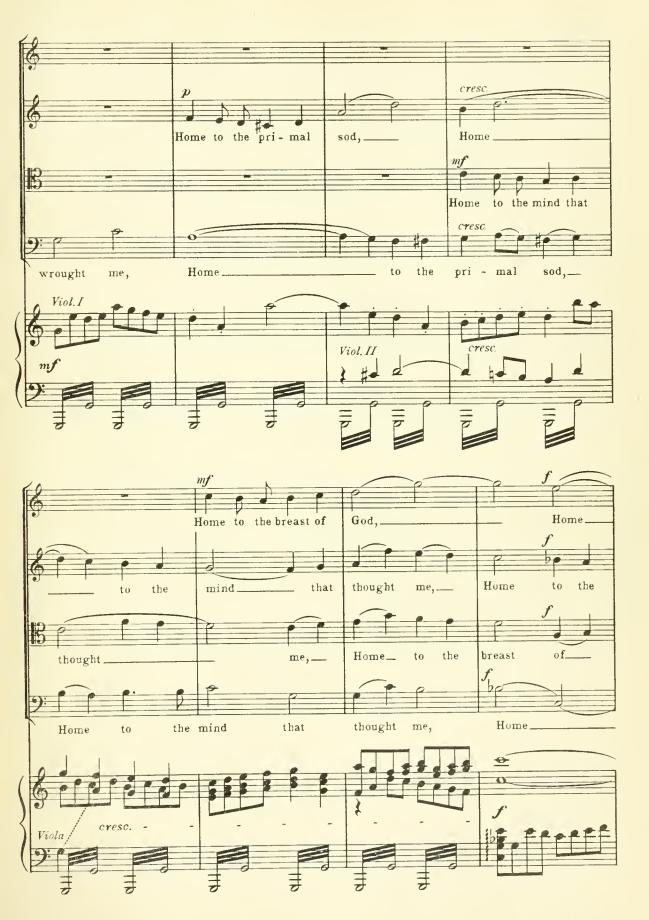


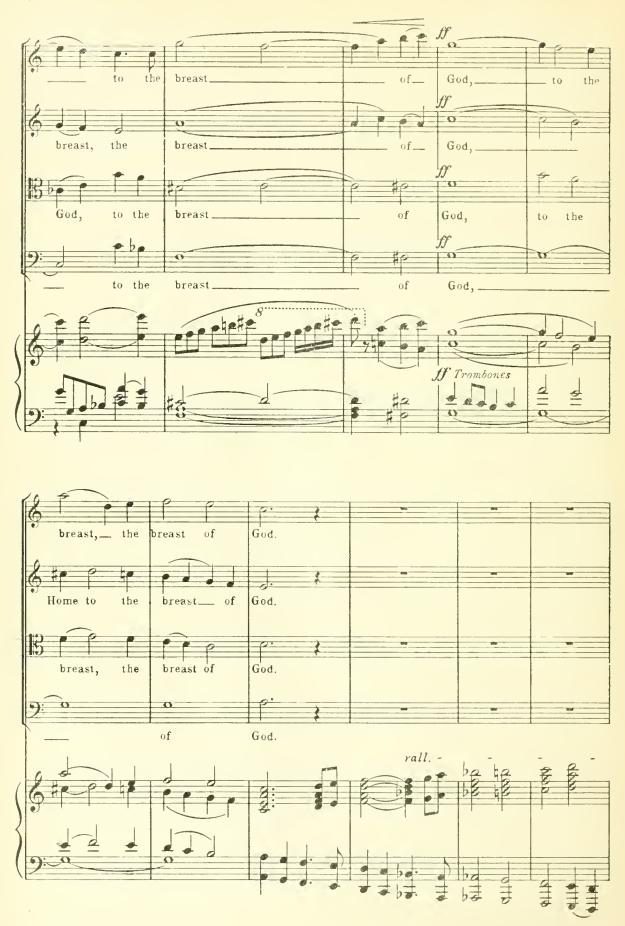


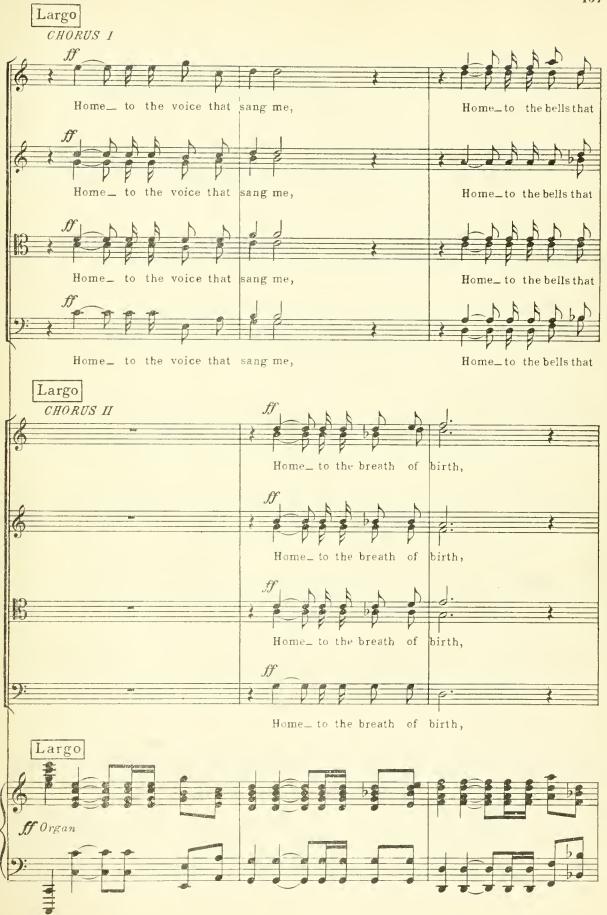




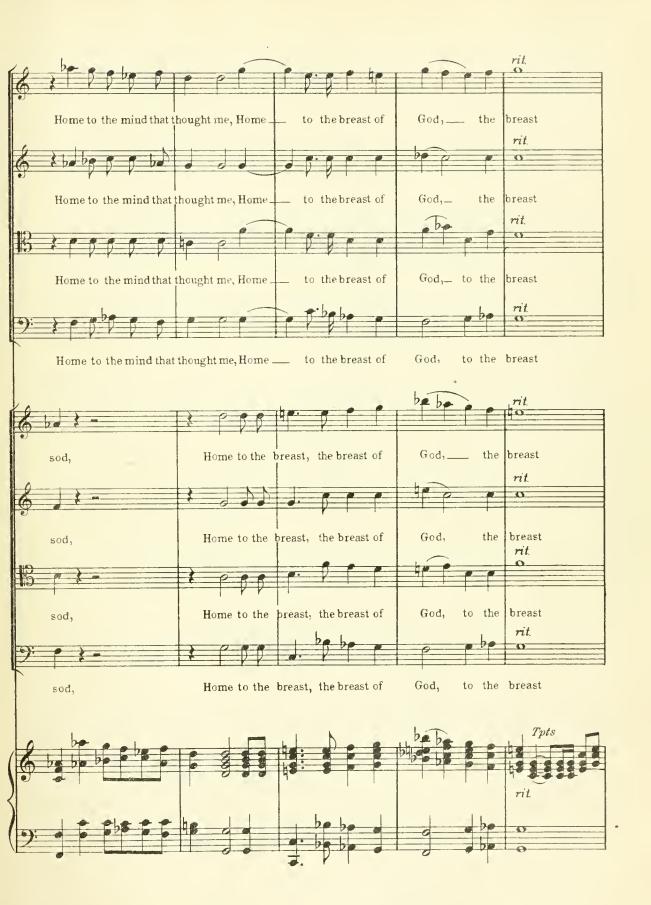


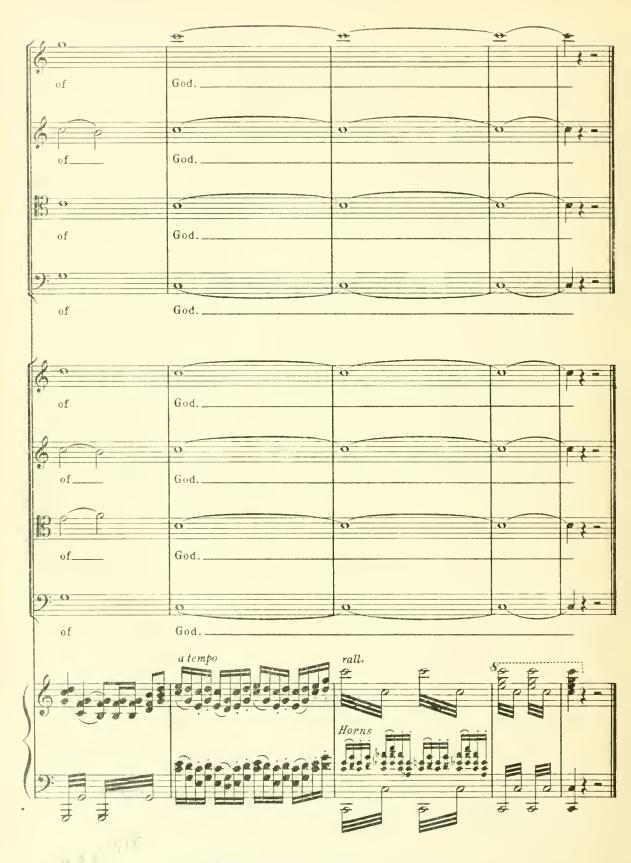












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